



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

EducT  
750  
01.510

GRADED  
LITERATURE  
READERS  
EIGHTH  
BOOK

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO  
29-31-33 EAST 19 STREET  
NEW YORK

Educ T 759.01.510

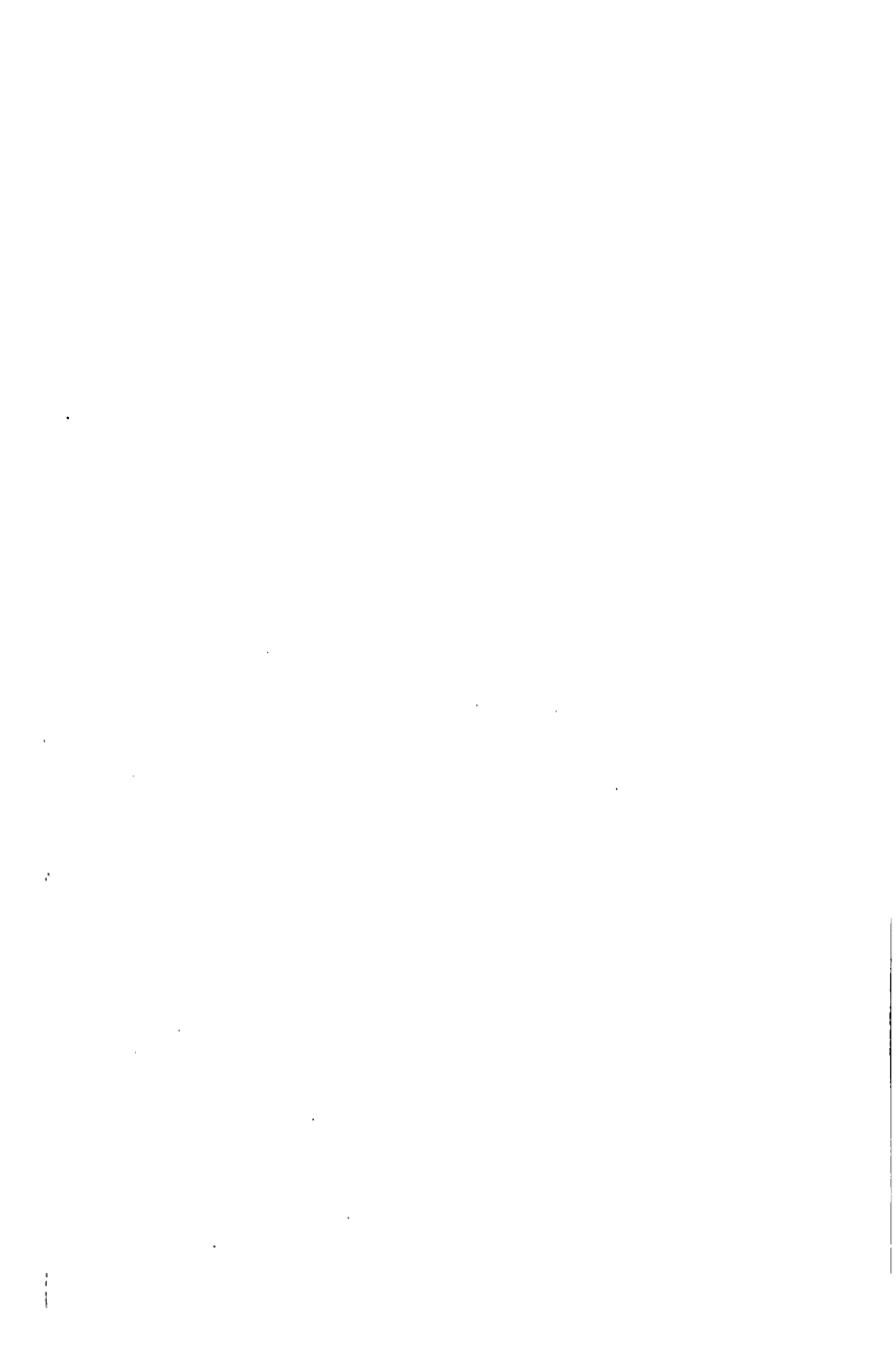
**Harvard College Library**

THE GIFT OF  
**GINN AND COMPANY**  
DECEMBER 26, 1923



3 2044 097 056 071







Dick began to read with great emphasis. [See page 160.]

# GRADED LITERATURE READERS

EDITED BY

HARRY PRATT JUDSON, LL.D.,

DEAN OF THE FACULTIES OF ARTS, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
AND

IDA C. BENDER

SUPERVISOR OF PRIMARY GRADES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK

## EIGHTH BOOK



MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO., PUBLISHERS

Exe T 759.01, 510  
✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
GIFT OF  
GINN & CO.  
DEC 11 1930

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY  
MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.

[1]

## PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color—many of them photographs from nature—will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

## INTRODUCTION

THE selections in this Eighth Reader are a moderate, but distinct, advance over those in the Sixth Reader, in thought, in language, and in literary construction.

The teacher may continue to place emphasis on the literary side of the reading, pointing out beauties of language and thought, and endeavoring to create an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. Pupils will be glad to know something about the lives of the authors whose works they are reading, and will welcome the biographical sketches throughout the book. These can be made the basis of further biographical study at the discretion of the teacher.

The word lists at the end of the selections contain all necessary explanations of the text.

A basal series of readers can do little more than broadly outline a course in reading, relying on the teacher to carry it forward. If a public library is within reach, the children should be encouraged to use it; if not, the school should exert every effort to accumulate a school library of standard works to which the pupils may have ready access.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities which are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three groups:

First—An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second—Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third—Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching.

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *valuble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude*; between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow-pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
HEARTY READING . . . . Sydney Smith . . . .	9
THE COMING OF ARTHUR . . Alfred, Lord Tennyson . . . .	11
KING ARTHUR AND EXCALIBUR Sir Thomas Malory . . . .	14
NORSE STORIES . . . . Thomas Carlyle . . . .	22
THE NORTHMAN . . . . John Henry, Cardinal Newman . .	27
THE FORSAKEN MERMAN . . Matthew Arnold . . . .	31
SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS . John Milton . . . .	37
THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION . George William Curtis . . . .	38
THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE . . . . Christopher Marlowe . . . .	45
REPLY TO MARLOWE'S "THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE" . . . . Sir Walter Raleigh . . . .	47
A BRILLIANT GEOGRAPHICAL CONTRAST . . . . John Ruskin . . . .	48
HENRY V. BEFORE BATTLE . William Shakspeare . . . .	51
THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT . Michael Drayton . . . .	54
AGINCOURT . . . . Jules Michelet . . . .	59
A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY John Dryden . . . .	63
THE BIRD . . . . John Ruskin . . . .	67
THE FLIGHT IN THE HEATHER . Robert Louis Stevenson . . . .	68
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI . John Keats . . . .	86
FALSTAFF AND THE THIEVES . William Shakspeare . . . .	89
SWALLOW-TIME . . . . Richard Jefferies . . . .	96
SOHRAB AND RUSTUM . . Matthew Arnold . . . .	104
VINDICATION OF IRELAND . Richard Lalor Sheil . . . .	111
CAIRO FIFTY YEARS AGO . Eliot Bartholomew George War- burton . . . .	114
SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY . . George Gordon, Lord Byron . .	121

	PAGE
✓ A FORMIDABLE VASSAL . . . Sir Walter Scott . . . .	122
LOUIS XI. . . . Charles Whibley . . . .	143
A DISCOURSE UPON CERTAIN VICES AND VIRTUES OF LOUIS THE ELEVENTH . . . Philippe de Comines . . . .	145
AN ADVENTURE OF THE RED CROSS KNIGHT . . . Edmund Spenser . . . .	148
THE TEACHER'S VOCATION . . Henry, Lord Brougham . . . .	155
✓ THE FAMOUS MR. JOSEPH ADDISON . . . . William Makepeace Thackeray . . . .	157
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY . . . Joseph Addison . . . .	170
THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS . . Ben Jonson . . . .	178
FIRST BUNKER HILL ORA- TION. A Selection . . . Daniel Webster . . . .	180
THE GREATNESS OF GOD'S WORKS . . . . From the Book of Job . . . .	192
SONNETS 29 AND 73 . . . William Shakspeare . . . .	195
✓ HEROES OF THE MUTINY . . . Flora Annie Steel . . . .	196
THE STORMING OF DELHI . . Lord Roberts . . . .	207
ULYSSES . . . . Alfred, Lord Tennyson . . . .	213
TENNYSON . . . . Henry Van Dyke . . . .	216
MICHAEL ANGELO AND CELLINI . . . John Addington Symonds . . . .	217
THE CASTING OF THE STATUE OF PERSEUS . . . . Benvenuto Cellini . . . .	225
L'ALLEGRO . . . . John Milton . . . .	230
A NATION IN ITS STRENGTH . . John Milton . . . .	237
JOHN MILTON . . . . John Richard Green . . . .	240
KUBLA KHAN . . . . Samuel Taylor Coleridge . . . .	247

## CLASSIFIED CONTENTS

### Stories :

King Arthur and Excalibur  
 The Flight in the Heather  
 A Formidable Vassal  
 The Famous Mr. Joseph  
     Addison  
 Sir Roger de Coverley  
 Heroes of the Mutiny

### Poems :

The Coming of Arthur  
 The Forsaken Merman  
 Sonnet on his Blindness  
 The Passionate Shepherd to  
     his Love  
 Reply to Marlowe's "The  
     Passionate Shepherd to  
     his Love"  
 Henry V. before Battle  
 The Battle of Agincourt  
 A Song for St. Cecilia's Day  
 La Belle Dame sans Merci  
 Falstaff and the Thieves  
 Sohrab and Rustum  
 She walks in Beauty  
 An Adventure of the Red  
     Cross Knight  
 The Triumph of Charis  
 The Greatness of God's  
     Works  
 Sonnets 29 and 73  
 Ulysses

Tennyson

L'Allegro

Kubla Khan

### History, Adventure, and Nature Study :

The Northman  
 The Valley of Desolation  
 A Brilliant Geographical  
     Contrast  
 Agincourt  
 The Bird  
 Swallow-time  
 Louis XI.  
 A Discourse upon Certain  
     Vices and Virtues of  
     Louis the Eleventh  
 First Bunker Hill Ora-  
     tion. *A Selection*  
 The Storming of Delhi  
 Michael Angelo and Cellini  
 John Milton

### Miscellaneous :

Hearty Reading  
 Norse Stories  
 Vindication of Ireland  
 Cairo Fifty Years Ago  
 The Teacher's Vocation  
 The Casting of the Statue of  
     Perseus  
 A Nation in its Strength

# EIGHTH READER

---

## Hearty Reading

BY SYDNEY SMITH

Sydney Smith (1771–1845): An English clergyman and author. He published some volumes of sermons characterized by earnestness and moderation, but his reputation rests chiefly on his miscellaneous and critical writings. He was distinguished for his wit, humor, and conversational powers.

This advice about reading is taken from a "Lecture on the Conduct of the Understanding."

Curiosity is a passion very favorable to the love of study, and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet in a second, and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable ; but you do not care how light and sound travel. Very likely: 5 but make yourself care ; get up, shake yourself well, pretend to care, make believe to care, and very soon you will care, and care so much that you will sit for hours thinking about light and sound, and be extremely angry with any one who interrupts you in your pursuits, and tolerate no 10 other conversation but about light and sound, and catch yourself plaguing everybody to death who approaches you with the discussion of these subjects.

I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle : do it lightly, and you get molested ; grasp it 15

with all your strength and you feel none of its asperities. There is nothing so horrible as languid study ; when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over or that somebody would call on you and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expected it.

To sit with your Livy before you, and hear the geese cackling that saved the Capitol ; and to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian sutlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the battle of Cannæ and heaping them into bushels ; and to be so intimately present at the actions you are reading of that when anybody knocks at the door it will take you two or three seconds to determine whether you are in your own study, or in the plains of Lombardy, looking at Hannibal's weather-beaten face, and admiring the splendor of his single eye, — this is the only kind of study which is not tiresome, and almost the only kind which is not useless ; this is the knowledge which gets into the system and which a man carries about and uses like his limbs, without perceiving that it is extraneous, weighty, or inconvenient.

---

**Aspēr'itiez** : roughnesses ; severities. **Titus Liv'ý** (59 B.C.—18 A.D.) : a Roman historian. Consult a history of Rome for an account of how the sacred geese saved the Capitol from the Gauls, of the battle of Can'næ, in which the Romans were defeated by the Cartha gin'i ans, and of Han'ni bal (248–183 B.C.), the great Carthaginian general. **Sūt'lērs** : persons who follow an army and sell provisions to the soldiers. **Ēx trā'nē-ōūs** : not essential ; foreign.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Arthur, lately made king, had sent to King Leodogran asking his daughter Guinevere in marriage. Leodogran consulted Queen Bellicent as to Arthur's kingship. This extract gives her answer.

“Bleys, our Merlin’s master, as they say,  
 Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,  
 To hear him speak before he left his life.  
 Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage ;  
 And when I entered told me that himself  
 And Merlin ever served about the king,  
 Uther, before he died ; and on the night  
 When Uther in Tintagil passed away  
 Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two  
 Left the still king, and passing forth to breathe,  
 Then from the castle gateway by the chasm  
 Descending through the dismal night — a night  
 In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost —  
 Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps  
 It seemed in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof  
 A dragon winged, and all from stem to stern  
 Bright with a shining people on the decks,  
 And gone as soon as seen. And then the two  
 Dropped to the cove and watched the great sea fall,

- Wave after wave each mightier than the last,  
 Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep  
 And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged  
 Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame :
- 5 And down the wave and in the flame was borne  
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,  
 Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried, ' The king !  
 Here is an heir for Uther ! ' And the fringe  
 Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
- 10 Lashed at the wizard as he spake the word,  
 And all at once all round him rose in fire,  
 So that the child and he were clothed in fire.  
 And presently thereafter followed calm,  
 Free sky and stars : ' And this same child,' he said,
- 15 ' Is he who reigns ; nor could I part in peace  
 Till this were told.' And saying this the seer  
 Went through the strait and dreadful pass of death,  
 Not ever to be questioned any more  
 Save on the further side ; but when I met
- 20 Merlin, and asked him if these things were truth —  
 The shining dragon and the naked child  
 Descending in the glory of the seas —  
 He laughed as is his wont, and answered me  
 In riddling triplets of old time, and said :
- 25 " ' Rain, rain, and sun ! a rainbow in the sky !  
 A young man will be wiser by and by ;  
 An old man's wit may wander ere he die.
- " ' Rain, rain, and sun ! a rainbow on the lea !  
 And truth is this to me, and that to thee ;
- 30 And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

“ ‘Rain, sun, and rain ! and the free blossom blows :  
 Sun, rain, and sun ! and where is he who knows ?  
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes.’ ”

“ So Merlin riddling angered me ; but thou  
 Fear not to give this king thine only child, 5  
 Guinevere ; so great bards of him will sing  
 Hereafter ; and dark sayings from of old  
 Ranging and ringing through the minds of men,  
 And echoed by old folk beside their fires  
 For comfort after their wage-work is done, 10  
 Speak of the king ; and Merlin in our time  
 Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn  
 Though men may wound him that he will not die,  
 But pass, again to come ; and then or now  
 Utterly smite the heathen underfoot, 15  
 Till these and all men hail him for their king.”

She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,  
 But musing, “ Shall I answer yea or nay ? ”  
 Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,  
 Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew, 20  
 Field after field, up to a height, the peak  
 Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king  
 Now looming and now lost ; and on the slope  
 The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,  
 Fire glimpsed ; and all the land from roof and rick, 25  
 In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,  
 Streamed to the peak, and mingled with the haze  
 And made it thicker ; while the phantom king  
 Sent out at times a voice ; and here or there  
 Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest 30

Slew on and burnt, crying, "No king of ours,  
 No son of Uther, and no king of ours ;"  
 Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze  
 Descended, and the solid earth became  
 5 As nothing, but the king stood out in heaven,  
 Crowned. And Leodogran awoke, and sent  
 Ulfius and Brastias and Bedivere,  
 Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.

---

**Bleys**: according to British tradition, a magician, the master of Merlin. The pupil, however, so far surpassed the teacher that Bleys laid aside magic and contented himself with making a chronicle of Merlin's doings. **Chānge'ling**: a child exchanged by fairies. **Māge**: an old or poetic form of the word magician. **Tin tāg'il**: a castle on the coast of Cornwall, said to have been built by two giants. It was the birthplace of King Arthur. **Mēr'lin**: a great enchanter, the friend of Arthur. **Lē ōd'ō gran**: king of Cameliard, father of Guinevere, who became King Arthur's wife. **Hind**: peasant; rustic. **Ū'fī ūs, Brās'tī as, Bōd'ī-vēre**: three of Arthur's knights of the Round Table, sent as ambassadors to King Leodogran.

---

## King Arthur and Excalibur

BY SIR THOMAS MALORY

Sir Thomas Malory (1430-?): A Welsh or English knight, who compiled and translated from the French the English "Morte d'Arthur." It is a noble prose epic, giving the legends about Arthur, the semi-fabulous king of Britain, and his knights of the Round Table.

### I. THE TAKING OF EXCALIBUR

And as they rode, Arthur said, "I have no sword."  
 10 "No force," said Merlin, "hereby is a sword that shall

be yours and I may." So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. "Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of." With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth and richly beseen, and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword."

Anon withal came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir Arthur king," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it." "By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask." "Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Sir Arthur and Merlin alight and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles and took it with him.

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword and liked it passing well. "Whether liketh you better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "Me liketh better the sword," said Arthur. "Ye are more unwise," said Mer-

lin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while ye have the scabbard upon you ye shall never lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded, therefore keep well the scabbard always with you."

## II. THE CASTING AWAY OF EXCALIBUR

5 Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons. And they came with this word unto King Arthur. Then said he, "I am glad that this is done." And so he went  
10 into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that and they see any sword drawn, "Look ye come on fiercely and slay that traitor Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him." In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that, "And ye see any sword  
15 drawn, look that ye come on fiercely and so slay all that ever before you standeth : for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty."

And so they met as their pointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly : and wine was  
20 fetched and they drank. Right so came an adder out of a little heath bush and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stungen, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder and thought of none other harm. And when  
25 the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beames, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said, "Alas, this unhappy

day!" and so rode to his party : and Sir Mordred in likewise.

And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times and did full nobly as a noble king should ; and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground, and ever they fought still, till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down.

15

Then was Arthur wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him and then was he ware of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights, that was Sir Lucan de butlere and his brother Sir Bedivere ; and they full were sore wounded.

"Jesu mercy," said the king, "where are all my noble knights becomen? Alas! that ever I should see this doleful day. For now," said Arthur, "I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor, Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief."

Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath

- wrought.” Then the king gat his spear in both his hands and ran towards Sir Mordred, crying, “Traitor, now is thy death day come.” And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn
- 5 in his hand. And then King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death’s wound, he thrust himself, with the might that he had, up to the bur of King Arthur’s
- 10 spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth and there
- 15 he swooned oftentimes. And Sir Lucan de butlere and Sir Bedivere oftentimes heaved him up, and so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there, he thought him well eased.
- 20 Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting, the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift. And when King Arthur came to himself again, he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth. “Alas,”
- 25 said the king, “this is unto me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul.”
- 30 Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.
- “Leave this mourning and weeping,” said the king,

“for all this will not avail me : for wit thou well, and I might live myself the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore : but my time hieth fast,” said the king. “Therefore,” said Arthur, “take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when 5 thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest.” “My lord,” said Bedivere, “your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.”

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld 10 that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, “If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss.” And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. 15

And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword into the water. “What sawest thou there?” said the king. “Sir,” he said, “I saw nothing but waves and winds.” “That is untruly said of thee,” said the king ; 20 “therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear : spare not, but throw it in.”

Then Sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand ; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword : and so eft he hid the 25 sword and returned again and told to the king that he had been at the water and done his commandment. “What saw thou there?” said the king. “Sir,” he said, “I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan.” “Ah traitor, untrue,” said King Arthur, “now 30 hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend

that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword? But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, 5 for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword, 10 and lightly took it up and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and hand above the water and met it and caught it and so shook it thrice and brandished, and 15 then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king and told him what he saw. "Alas," said the king, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long."

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so 20 went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," 25 said the king : and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, "Ah, dear brother, why have you tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your 30 head hath caught over much cold." And so then they rowed from the land ; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those

ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will 5 into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul." But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and 10 wailed.

[This story of King Arthur was written four hundred years ago, and many of the words here explained are now not used except in poetry.]

---

I. **No fôrge**: no matter. **Sā'mite**: silk cloth interwoven with gold. **Lady of the Lake**: Ni'mue or Ni'neve, an enchantress, the friend of Arthur. She persuaded Merlin to tell her all his secrets, and then, by the spells so learned, enclosed him in a rock, where he died. **Bē sēn'**: decked; adorned. **Pās'-ing**: exceedingly; excessively. **Never . . . no**: in Old English, as in several modern languages, a second negative strengthened, instead of destroying, the first.

II. **Cōn dē scēnd' ēd**: consented. **Sir Mōr'drēd** or **Mō'drēd**: a kinsman of King Arthur, the source of much discord among the knights of the Round Table. **Point'ment**: an old form of appointment. **Bēames**: an old name for a sort of trumpet. **Foin'ing**: thrusting with a sword. **Dē voir'** (vwôr): need; duty. **Wist**: knew. **Dūke**: leader; chief. **Wit**: know. **Līf**: beloved. **Ēt**: again. **Wap**: beat. **Wan**: decrease. **Wēnd**: thought; imagined. **Vale of Ā vil'ī ōn** or **Āv'a lōn**: the "island of the blest," in Glastonbury. It was the abode of Oberon, fairies, and enchanters, and thither King Arthur was said to have been conveyed after his last great battle.

## Norse Stories

BY THOMAS CARLYLE



Thomas Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881): A British essayist, historian, and philosopher. He protested against all forms of sham and hypocrisy, and preached the “gospel of work,” truth, duty, and force,—force without which all virtues are of no avail. His chief works are “The French Revolution,” “Heroes and Hero Worship,” “Life of Oliver Cromwell,” and “Life of Frederick the Great.”

This selection, about Norse character and Norse mythology, is from “Heroes and Hero Worship.”

Among the Norsemen the main practical belief a man could have was probably not much more than this : of the Valkyrs and the Hall of Odin ; of an inflexible destiny ; and that the one thing needful for a man was to be brave.

<sup>5</sup> The Valkyrs are choosers of the slain ; a destiny inexorable, which it is useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain. These choosers lead the brave to a heavenly Hall of Odin ; only the base and slavish being thrust elsewhither, into the realms of Hella,

<sup>10</sup> the death-goddess : I take this to have been the soul of

the whole Norse belief. They understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave ; that Odin would have no favor for them, but despise and thrust them out, if they were not brave.

Consider, too, whether there is not something in this ! 5  
It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. Valor is still value. The first duty for a man is still that of subduing fear. We must get rid of fear ; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious ; his very thoughts 10 are false, he thinks, too, as a slave and coward, till he have got fear under his feet. Odin's creed, if we disentangle the real kernel of it, is true to this hour. A man shall and must be valiant ; he must march forward and quit himself like a man, trusting imperturbably in the 15 appointment and choice of the upper powers ; and, on the whole, not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over fear will determine how much of a man he is.

The Norsemen thought it a shame and misery not to 20 die in battle ; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings about to die, had their body laid into a ship ; the ship sent forth with sails set and slow fire burning it, that once out at sea 25 it might blaze up in flame and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean ! Wild bloody valor ; yet valor of its kind ; better, I say, than none. In the old sea kings, too, what an indomitable, rugged energy ; silent, with closed lips, 30 as I fancy them, unconscious that they were specially

brave ; defying the wild ocean with its monsters, and all men and things : — progenitors of our own Blakes and Nelsons. Rollo, Duke of Normandy, the wild sea king, has a share in governing England at this hour.

5 The old Norse heart finds its friend in Thor, the thunder god ; it is not frightened away by his thunder, but finds that summer heat, the beautiful noble summer, must and will have thunder withal. The Norse heart loves this Thor and his hammer bolt ; sports with him. Thor  
10 is summer-heat ; the god of peaceable industry, as well as thunder. He is the peasant's friend ; his true henchman and attendant is Thialfi, manual labor. Thor himself engages in all manner of rough manual work ; scorns no business for its plebianism ; is ever and anon traveling  
15 to the country of the Jötuns, harrying those chaotic frost monsters.

One of Thor's expeditions to Utgard, the outer garden, central seat of Jötun-land, is remarkable. Thialfi was with him, and Loki. After various adventures, they  
20 entered upon giant-land ; wandered over plains, wild, uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house ; and as the door, which, indeed, formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation ; one large hall, alto-  
25 gether empty. They stayed there.

Suddenly, in the dead of the night, loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer, stood in the door prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude  
30 hall ; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle ; for, lo ! in the

morning it turned out that the noise had been only the snoring of a certain enormous but peaceable giant, the giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by, and this that they took for a house was merely his glove thrown aside there; the door was the glove-wrist; the 5 little closet they had fled into was the thumb. Such a glove! I remark, too, that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided: a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day; Thor, 10 however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir; determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The giant merely awoke, rubbed his cheek and 15 said, "Did a leaf fall?"

Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept; a better blow than before, but the giant only murmured, "Was that a grain of sand?" Thor's third stroke was with both his hands,—the "knuckles white," I suppose, 20—and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore, and remarked, "There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; is that a feather they have dropped?"

At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to 25 strain your neck bending back to see the top of it, Skrymir went his ways. Thor and his companions were admitted, invited to share in the games going on.

To Thor, for his part, they handed a drinking horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry 30 at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over,

Thor drank; but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him; could he lift that cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot.

"Why, you are no man," said the Utgard people; 'there is an old woman that will wrestle you!' Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard old woman, but could not throw her.

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the chief giant, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten, then; yet be not so much ashamed, there was deception of appearance in it. That horn you tried to drink was the sea; you did make it ebb, but who could drink that, the bottomless! The cat you would have lifted, why, that is the Midgard-snake, great world-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the old woman, she was time, old age, duration; with her what can wrestle? And then those three strokes you struck, look at these three valleys; your three strokes made these!"

Thor looked at his attendant Jötun; it was Skrymir; it was the old chaotic rocky earth in person, and that glove-house was some earth cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its sky-high gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the giant's voice was heard mocking, "Better come no more to Jötunheim."

**Vál'kyrs** or **Vál kýr'í ás**: in Norse mythology, warlike maidens whom Odin sent to the battlefield to choose the bravest who were to be slain. **Hall of O'dín**, **Vál háll'**: according to Norse belief, the most beautiful palace of the gods. Odin was the supreme Norse deity. **Hē'lá**: the Norse goddess of death, the daughter of Loki. **Frō gēn'í tor**: forefathers. **Rollo, Duke of Normandy** (860-932): first duke of Normandy. He was originally a Norse viking, or pirate. **Thór**: the Norse god of thunder, the strongest of the gods. **Lō'ki**: the Norse god of strife, the spirit of all evil. **Jō'tun heim**: the home of the Jō-tuns, or giants:

---

## The Northman

BY JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

John Henry, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890): An eminent English theologian and author. He left the Church of England for the Roman Catholic Church, and one of his chief works is the "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ" ("Apology for His Life"), in which he defends his religious course. He wrote many sermons, theological works, poems, and some volumes of "Historical Sketches," from one of which this extract is made.

Though of the same stock as the Saxons, the Northmen were gifted with a more heroic cast of soul. Perhaps it was the peculiar scenery and climate of their native homes which suggested to them such lofty aspirations and such enthusiastic love of dangers and hardship. The stillness of the desert may fill the fierce Arab with a rapturous enjoyment, and the interminable forests of Britain or Germany might breathe profound mystery; but the icy mountains and the hoarse resounding waves of the North nurtured warriors of a princely stature, both in mind and body, befitting the future occupants of European thrones.

Cradled in the surge and storm, they were spared the temptation of indolence and luxury ; they neither worshiped the vivifying powers of nature with the Greek, nor with the Sabian did they kiss the hand to the bright  
 5 stars of heaven ; but while they gave a personal presence and volition to the fearful or the beautiful spirits which haunted the mountains or lay in ambush in the mists, they understood by daily experience that good could not be had by the mere wishing, and they made it a first arti-  
 10 cle in their creed that their reward was future and that their present must be toil.

The most obvious and prominent point of character common to the Northman and Norman is the peculiarity of their warlike heroism. War was their life ; it was  
 15 almost their chief good ; good in itself, though nothing came of it.

The impetuosity of the Norman relieved itself in extravagances and raises a smile from its very intensity, at one time becoming a religious fanaticism, at another  
 20 a fantastic knight-errantry. His very worship was to do battle ; his rite of sacrifice was a passage of arms. He couched his lance to prove the matter of fact that his lady was the beautifulest of all conceivable women ; he drew his sword on the blasphemer to convince him of the  
 25 sanctity of the Gospel ; and he passed abruptly from demolishing churches and burning towns to the rescue of the holy sepulcher from the unclean infidel.

In the Northmen, too, this pride of demolition had been their life revel. They destroyed for destroying's sake,  
 30 because it was good to destroy ; it was a display of power, and power made them gods. They seemed as though they

were possessed by some inward torment which needed outlet, and which degraded them to the madness of their own Berserkers in the absence of some nobler satisfaction. Their fearful activity was their mode of searching out something great, they knew not what, the idea of which 5 haunted them. It impelled them to those sudden descents and rapid careerings about a country, which, even in modern times, has broken out in the characteristic energy of Gustavus and Charles XII. of Sweden.

Hence, too, when they had advanced some steps in the 10 path of civilization, from this nature or habit of restlessness, they could not bear neutrality ; they interfered actively in the cause of right in proportion as they gave up the practice of wrong. When they began to find out that piracy was criminal, instead of having recourse to peace-15 ful occupations, they found an occupation cognate to piracy itself in putting piracy down.

Kings, indeed, would naturally undertake such a mission, for piracy interfered with their sovereign power and would not die of itself. It was not wonderful that Har-20 old, Haco the Good, and St. Olaf should hang the pirates and destroy their vessels, but the point of our remark is this, that they pursued the transgressors with the same furious zeal with which they had heretofore committed the same transgressions themselves. It is sometimes said 25 that a reformed profligate is the sternest of moralists ; and these Northern rovers, on their conversion, did penance for their own piracy by a relentless persecution of pirates.

They became knight-errants on water, devoting them-30 selves to hardship and peril in the protection of the

peaceful merchant. Under Canute of Denmark, a confraternity was formed with this object. Its members characteristically began by seizing on vessels not their own for its prosecution, and imposing compulsory loans  
 5 on the wealthy trader for their outfit, though they professed to indemnify their owners out of the booty ultimately secured. Before they went on board, they communicated ; they lived soberly and severely, restricting themselves to as few followers as was possible.  
 10 When they found Christians in the captured ships, they set them at liberty, clothed them, and sent them home. In this way as many as eight hundred pirate vessels were destroyed.

Sometimes, in spite of their reformation, they still pursued a pirate's trade ; but it was a modified piracy. They put themselves under laws in the exercise of it, and waged war against those who did not observe them. These objects of their hostility were what Turner calls "indiscriminate" pirates. "Their peculiar and self-chosen  
 20 task," he says, "was to protect the defenceless navigator, and to seek and assail the indiscriminate plunderer. The pirate gradually became hunted down as the general enemy of the human race."

He goes on to mention some of the laws imposed by  
 25 Hjalmar upon himself and some other discriminating pirates, to the effect that they would protect trade and agriculture, and that they would not eat raw flesh.

Now, in what we have been drawing out, there is enough to show both the elementary resemblance of character, and yet the vast actual dissimilitude, between the  
 30 Scandinavian and the Norman.

**Gūs tā'vūs II.** or **Gustavus A dōl'phus** (1594-1632): king of Sweden, a great general and able ruler. **Charles XII.** (1682-1718): a king of Sweden, celebrated for his martial genius. **Cōg'nāte**: of the same nature; kindred. **Harold I.** (— 1040): king of England, the son of Canute' or Knut, a Danish king who conquered England. **Hā'cō the Good, St. Ō'lāf** (995-1050): viking and king of Norway. **Cōm mūn'ī cāte**: to participate in the Communion Service. **Sharon Turner** (1768-1847): an English historian. **Dīs sī mīl'ī tūde**: unlikeness; difference.

## The Forsaken Merman

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888): an English poet and prose writer, one of the ablest of English critics. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby — the Dr. Arnold of "Tom Brown at Rugby" — and, like his father, did much to further the cause of education. He tried to "add to the sum of happiness by stimulating his fellow-men to find in true culture a nobler ideal for their lives." His chief prose works are "Essays in Criticism" and "Culture and Anarchy." Among his poems are "Sohrab and Rustum," "Balder Dead," "The Forsaken Merman," and "The Strayed Reveler."

Come, dear children, let us away ;

Down and away below !

Now my brothers call from the bay ;

Now the great winds shoreward blow ;

Now the salt tides seaward flow ;

5

Now the wild white horses play,

Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away !

This way, this way !

Call her once before you go, —

Call once yet !

In a voice that she will know :

“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”

5 Children's voices should be dear —  
Call once more — to a mother's ear ;  
Children's voices wild with pain.  
Surely she will come again.

Call her once, and come away ;

10 This way, this way !  
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay ! ”  
The wild white horses foam and fret.  
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.

15 Call no more.  
One last look at the white-walled town,  
And the little gray church on the windy shore,  
Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day.

20 Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday

We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,

25 The far-off sound of a silver bell ?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep ;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;

Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;

Where the sea beasts ranged all round  
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ;  
 Where the sea snakes coil and twine,  
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;  
 Where great whales come sailing by, 5  
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
 Round the world forever and aye ?  
 When did music come this way ?  
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday — 10  
 Call yet once — that she went away ?  
 Once she sate with you and me,  
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,  
 And the youngest sate on her knee.  
 She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well, 15  
 When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.  
 She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea,  
 She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
 In the little gray church on the shore to-day.  
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah, me ! 20  
 And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee."  
 I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves :  
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves."  
 She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.  
 Children dear, was it yesterday ? 25

Children dear, were we long alone ?  
 " The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.  
 Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say.  
 Come ! " I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.

- We went up the beach by the sandy down  
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,  
 Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,  
 To the little gray church on the windy hill.
- 5 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,  
 But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
 We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,  
 And we gazed up the aisle though the small leaded panes.  
 She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear.
- 10 " Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !  
 Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone.  
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."  
 But, ah ! she gave me never a look,  
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
- 15 " Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door."  
 Come away, children, call no more !  
 Come away, come down, call no more !

- Down, down, down,  
 Down to the depths of the sea !
- 20 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
 Singing most joyfully.  
 Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,  
 For the humming street and the child with its toy,  
 For the priest and the bell and the holy well ;
- 25 For the wheel where I spun,  
 And the blessed light of the sun !"  
 And so she sings her fill,  
 Singing most joyfully,  
 Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
- 30 And the whizzing wheel stands still.



" But we stood without in the cold blowing airs "

She steals to the window and looks at the sand,  
 And over the sand at the sea ;  
 And her eyes are set in a stare ;  
 And anon there breaks a sigh,  
 5 And anon there drops a tear,  
     From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
 And a heart sorrow-laden,  
     A long, long sigh,  
 For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaid,  
 10 And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,  
 Come, children, come down !  
 The salt tide rolls seaward.  
 Lights shine in the town.  
 15 She will start from her slumber  
 When gusts shake the door ;  
 She will hear the winds howling,  
 Will hear the waves roar.  
 We shall see, while above us  
 20 The waves roar and whirl,  
 A ceiling of amber,  
 A pavement of pearl.  
 Singing : " Here came a mortal,  
 But faithless was she !  
 25 And alone dwell forever  
 The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,  
 When soft the winds blow,  
 When clear falls the moonlight,  
 30 When spring tides are low ;  
 When sweet airs come seaward

From heaths starred with broom ;  
 And high rocks throw mildly  
 On the blanched sands a gloom :  
 Up the still, glistening beaches,  
 Up the creeks we will hie ; 5  
 Over banks of bright seaweed  
 The ebb tide leaves dry.  
 We will gaze from the sand hills  
 At the white sleeping town ;  
 At the church on the hillside — 10  
 And then come back down ;  
 Singing : “ There dwells a loved one,  
 But cruel is she !  
 She left lonely forever  
 The kings of the sea.” 15

**Sonnet on His Blindness**

BY JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 20  
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide :  
 “ Doth God exact day labor, light denied ? ”  
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need  
 Either man’s work, or His own gifts ; who best 25  
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state  
 Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

## The Valley of Desolation

By G. W. CURTIS



George William Curtis

George William Curtis (1824-1892): A popular American author and lecturer. Among his works are "Lotus Eating," "The Potiphar Papers," and "Prue and I." He wrote two volumes descriptive of his Eastern travels, "Nile Notes of a Howadji" and "The Howadji in Syria." In the latter work he gives the following account of a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho.

You are still likely to fall among thieves, going down to Jericho, and the only safety is in being robbed before you start by purchasing permission of the Arabs. The tribes that haunt the hill country near Jerusalem are not entirely friendly toward each other; but, by retaining a sheik of one of the most powerful among them, you insure tolerable security for the excursion.

- 10 The Sheik Artoosh, who awaited us at the foot of the Mount of Olives, — for a Bedouin fears to enter the city, whose very walls his stern wilderness chafes, — was the ideal Bedouin. He had the arched brow, the large, rich, sad, and tender eyes which are peculiar to the Orient
- 15 and which painters aim to give to pictures of Christ. It was the most beautiful and luminous eye I have ever seen. The other features were delicate, but full of force,

and the olive transparency of his complexion set his planet-like eyes as evening light the stars. There was that extreme elegance in his face, and in the supple grace of his movement, which imagination attributes to noblemen, and which is of the same quality as the refinement of a high-bred Arabian horse.

He wore, over a white robe, a long mantle of black goat's hair cloth, and his head was covered with the true Bedouin headdress — a Mecca handkerchief, or small shawl, of cloth of gold, with red borders and a long rich fringe. This is folded once and laid smoothly upon the head. One end falls behind between the shoulders, showing the fringe about the back; and the other is carried forward over the right shoulder, and caught up upon the left cheek, so half shielding the face, like the open visor of a helmet. A double twist of goat's hair cord, binding the shawl smoothly, goes around the head, so that the top of it is covered only with the gold.

Picture under this that mystic complexion of the desert, steep it all in Syrian light, and you have what only the Eastern sun can show. Mark, too, the sheik's white mare, — valued, even there, at purses equal to a thousand dollars, and on whom he moves as flexibly as a sunbeam on the water.

We skirted the Mount of Olives on the way to Bethany. In a quarter of an hour we were in the hill wilderness — the mountains that separate the valley of the Jordan from the plain of the sea. Our path was a zigzag way upon the slope. There are no houses or gardens, and Bethany, lying blighted in a nook of the hills, is only beautiful because she lived there who loved much.

A few olive trees and blossoming vines linger, like fading fancies of greenness and bloom, along the way. A few Arabs pass, with guns and rusty swords. You feel that you are in a wild country, where the individual makes his own laws.

Artoosh was accompanied by an older dignitary, a kind of grand vizier, perhaps, or genius of the army. In narrow passes of the road, throats and gorges of the hills, overhung by steep cliffs, the vizier rode forward and surveyed the position, gun in hand and finger on the trigger. Several times he rode back to Artoosh, and, after a low council, they galloped off together, and reappeared upon the hills beyond, riding around corners of the rock and into bushy places where foes might lurk. But it was quite their affair. We were only passengers, and watched their beautiful riding with unmingled delight in its grace, and went musing and singing along in the monotonous noonlight, as in the safe solitude of a city.

Sunset showed us, from the brow of the mountains, the plain of the Jordan. Far away, upon the other side, it was walled by the misty range of the Moab. Utter silence brooded over the valley—and a silence as of death. No feeling of life saluted our gaze. From the Alps, you look southward into the humming luxuriance of Italy and northward into the busy toil of Switzerland, and the Apennines are laved with teeming life. But of all valleys that I had ever beheld from mountain tops, this was the saddest. Not even the hope of regeneration into activity dawned in the mind. I was looking down into the valley of the shadow of death.

Upon the brow of the mountain where we stood tradition indicates the spot of the Temptation.

We descended rapidly into the plain, and the camp was pitched among the green shrubs and trees that overhung a stream. It was Elisha's brook that ran sweet and clear just behind our tent. It was a wild night. The heat was deadly, and the massive mountains rose grimly 5 before us, as if all fair airs were forever walled away. The sky was piled with jagged clouds. Occasional showers pattered upon the tents, and keen lightning angrily flashed, while low, dull thunder was hushed and flattened in the thick air. None of us slept. It was a weird and 10 awful night.

A lurid dawn reddened over the valley. The leaden clouds caught the gleam upon their reeflike edges, but folded over again into deeper blackness. They clung affrighted to the mountains, which were only a mysterious 15 darkness in the dawn. A mocking rainbow spanned the blind abysses, and the east was but a vast vapor, suffused with crimson luminousness. The day was fateful and strange, and glared at us vengeful-eyed, like a maniac. We were in a valley a thousand feet below the Mediter- 20 ranean. The Dead Sea had infected it with death. This was the spirit and gloom of the sea, without its substance. Thus it would compel the very landscape and atmosphere to its appalling desolation, before it overflowed it with its water. 25

Through the vague apprehension of that supernatural morning, I heard the gurgling song of the little brook of Elisha, flowing clear and smooth out of the dark mountain region, and threading that enchanted silence with pleasant sound. I ran to it, and leaped in and drank of the water. 30 But the red-eyed morning scorned me as I lay in that

sweet embrace, and moaning, muttered thunders rehearsed the weary day.

The tents were struck. Artoosh, sheik of sheiks, leaped into his saddle, and the beautiful mare paced slowly away from the camp and led us toward Jericho. The little stream called after me, rilling cool music through the leaves — softer ever, and farther, until I heard it no more. The path wound among the bushes upon the plain. A few large raindrops fell with heavy distinctness upon the leaves. No birds sang, as they sing all day in dead, sunny Jerusalem. There were no houses, no flocks, no men or women. We came to a grain tract that waved luxuriantly to the horses' bellies, and out of the grain, upon a little elevation, arose a solitary, ruined tower.

15 It was the site of Jericho — the City of Palms, as Moses called it — and, although desolate now, palms were seen in the year 700 by Bishop Arculf, and in 1102 by Sewulf, and the Crusaders found under them singular flowers, which they called Jericho roses. We saw no roses nor  
20 palms. We saw only a cluster of sad stone hovels; wan-eyed men stared at us like specters from the doors, and the scene was lonely and forlorn. Yet near one hovel a group of young fig trees was blossoming, as fairly as ever the figs and roses could have blossomed in the gardens of  
25 Jericho, before the seven rams were yeaned, and Joshua was a beardless boy, in Israel's camp by the Red Sea. The elevation upon which stands the tower commands the plain, and a more memorable or remarkable landscape seen under such a sky is nowhere beheld.

30 The vast reach of the plain lay silent and shadowed, as in early twilight, from the gleaming level of the Dead

Sea on the south to the mountains that closed the valley upon the north. Westward lay the hills of Judea, and to the east the Moab Mountains. Lower lines of nearer eastern hills rolled and curved before us. Over all hung the lurid sky. Vague thunder still shook the awed hush of morning, and far over the Dead Sea, into the dense blackness that absorbed at the south its burnished water, fiery flashes darted. Glimpses of pallid blue sky struggled overhead in the crimson vortex of vapor, and died into the clouds. Upon the tops of all the bushy trees near us sat solemn-eyed eagles and vultures, silent, with fixed stare, like birds of prey dismally expectant.

But suddenly, like those who descry life in the midst of death, we saw the green trees that fringe the Jordan, and the whole party bounded at full speed over the plain. Beautiful, bowery Jordan! Its swift, turbid stream eddied and fled through the valley, defying its death with eager motion, and with the low gurgling song of living water. It is very narrow — not more, at that season, than a hundred feet wide — and it has channeled a deep bed in the soft earth, so that you do not see it until you stand on the very verge of the bank. Balsam poplars, willows, and oleanders lean over it, shrinking from the inexorable plain behind, clustering into it with trembling foliage, and arching it with green, as if tree and river had sworn forlorn friendship in that extremity of solitude.

Beautiful, bowery Jordan! Yet you are sad as you stand dipping your feet in its water, sad as you watch this brave son of Lebanon rushing, tumultuously triumphant, like a victor in the race, rushing and reeling with terror and delight, and in a moment to be hushed and

choked in the bosom of the neighboring sea. Your eyes rove from the water to the trees that overhang it, with almost a human sympathy, and those trees are figures as lithe and pensive to your imagination as the daughters of  
 5 Babylon who wept hopelessly by other waters.

So leave it singing under trees in your memory forever. And when in after days you sit, on quiet summer Sundays, in the church, and hear the story of the baptism, the forms around you will melt in the warm air; and  
 10 once more those trees will overlean, once more those waters sing, and the Jordan, a vague name to others, shall be a line of light in your memory.

Artoosh turned to the south and away from the river which bends toward the Moab Mountains. We rode for  
 15 an hour over the soft, floorlike, shrub-dotted plain and to the shore of the Dead Sea.

It lay like molten lead, heavily still under the clouds, a stretch of black water gleaming under muttering thunder. Its shores are bare mountain precipices. No tree  
 20 grows upon the bank; no sail shines upon the sea; no wave or ghostly ripple laps the beach, only dead driftwood is strewn along the shore. No bird flew over; even the wind had died away. Moaning thunder only was the evidence of life in nature. My horse stooped to  
 25 the clear water, but did not drink. It was a spot accursed. Did Cain skulk along this valley, leaving Abel in the field?

We tasted the water; it is inconceivably bitter and salt. Sea water is mild in the comparison. None of us  
 30 bathed. Not only the stickiness and saltiness, but a feeling of horror, repelled me. Haply the sins of Sodom and

Gomorrhah, shaped as incredible monsters, haunt those depths. I believed the quaint old legend, "And if a man cast iron therein, it will float on the surface; but if men cast a feather therein, it will sink to the bottom."

---

**Shēik**: the head of an Arab clan or tribe. **Bēd'ou in**: one of the nomadic, or wandering, tribes of the Arabs. They live in tents and have no fixed dwelling place. **Pārs'ēs**: according to Turkish valuation, a sum of money equal to twenty or twenty-five dollars. **She lived there**: Mary, the sister of Lazarus. See John xii. 1-8. **Elisha's brook**: Elijah's brook, Cherith? **Ar'culf**: a French priest who explored the Holy Land in the eighth century. **Sē'wulf**. **Daughters of Babylon**: the reference here is to the Jewish seventy years' captivity in Babylon. See Psalm cxxxvii. **Sōd'ōm and Gō mōr'rāh**: two ancient cities destroyed on account of the wickedness of their inhabitants. See Genesis xix. 24, 25.

---

## The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593): The greatest of the English dramatists who preceded Shakspeare. He was the first to use blank verse in the English drama. His tragedies are characterized by strength and poetic power, and their extravagances are a reflection of his own violent and unhappy life. His chief dramas are "Tamburlane," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward II.," and "Dr. Faustus."

Come live with me, and be my love ;  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

5       And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies ;  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

10       A gown made of the finest wool  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
 Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold.

15       A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs,  
 An if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come live with me, and be my love.

20       The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
 For thy delight each May morning :  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

---

**Mad'ri gals** : little love poems.

## Reply to Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love"

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618): An English navigator, commander, and author. He was a favorite with Queen Elizabeth, to whom he is said to have first commended himself by an act of gallantry. On the accession of James I., he was accused of treason and imprisoned for twelve years, during which time he wrote a "History of the World." He wrote several short poems.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold, 5  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields; 10  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten — 15  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs, —

All those in me no means can move  
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed ;  
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;  
5 Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

---

**Phil'(fil) ô mēl:** philomela, a poetical name for the nightingale. According to the Greek legend, Philomela was an Athenian maiden who was changed into a nightingale.

---

## A Brilliant Geographical Contrast

BY JOHN RUSKIN

John Ruskin (1819–1900): An English writer on art and political economy. Some of the most vivid and picturesque passages of English prose occur in his earlier writings on the subjects of art and nature. During his later life he devoted himself to working for the elevation of the social life of the people and for the rescue of the laboring classes from the evils of the modern industrial system.

Extracts from his masterpiece, "Modern Painters," have been given in preceding books of this series. Here is a selection from "The Stones of Venice."

The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge; but I have never  
10 yet seen any one chart pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries.

We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fullness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines ; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of 5 the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind.

Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above 10 the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun ; here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray stain of storm, moving upon the burning field ; and here and there a fixed wreath of white 15 volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes : but, for the most part, a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing 20 softly with terraced gardens and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel and orange and plummy palm, that abate with their gray-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. 25

Then let us pass farther toward the north, until we see the orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland and poplar valleys of France and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians, stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those 30 of the Volga seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain

cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands.

And then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm and chilled by ice drift and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail  
10 from among the hill ravines and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness. And at last the wall of ice sets, deathlike, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of  
15 the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life : the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone ; striped zebras and spotted leopards,  
20 glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet.

Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of color, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength and shaggy covering and dusky plumage of the northern tribes ; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the  
25 tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey : and then submissively acknowledge the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being.

---

**SĪ rōc'cō** : an oppressive wind from the Libyan deserts, experienced chiefly in Italy, Malta, and Sicily. **Pōr'phŷ rŷ** : a valuable stone, red, purple, or blue in color.

## Henry V. before Battle

FROM "HENRY V.," BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

This scene is in the English camp just before the battle of Agincourt. Henry V., the young and warlike English king, had asserted a claim to the French crown and had invaded France with a few thousand men. In the battle of Agincourt he defeated a French force which far outnumbered his. The Earls of Westmoreland, Warwick, and Salisbury, the Dukes of Bedford, Exeter, and Gloucester or Gloster, and John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, were English noblemen in the army of King Henry. The Dukes of Bedford and Gloster were the king's brothers.

*Westmoreland.* Oh, that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day !

*King Henry.* What's he that wishes so ?  
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin : 5  
If we are marked to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss ; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.  
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 10  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :  
But if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive. 15  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :  
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honor  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

- For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more !  
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
 Let him depart ; his passport shall be made  
 5 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :  
 We would not live in that man's company  
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
 This day is called the feast of Crispian :  
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 10 Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,  
 And say, " To-morrow is Saint Crispian : "
 15 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
 And say " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."  
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember with advantages  
 What feats he did that day : then shall our names,  
 20 Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.  
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 25 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be rememberèd ;  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 30 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition ;

And gentlemen in England now abed  
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

[*Enter Salisbury.*

*Salisbury.* My sovereign Lord, bestow yourself with *s*  
 speed :

The French are bravely in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

*King Henry.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*Westmoreland.* Perish the man whose mind is back-*10*  
 ward now !

*King Henry.* Thou dost not wish more help from  
 England, coz ?

*Westmoreland.* God's will ! my liege, would you and  
 I alone, *15*  
 Without more help, might fight this royal battle out !

*King Henry.* Why, now thou hast unwished five  
 thousand men ;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places : God be with you all ! *20*

**E now'** : enough. **This day** : the battle of Agincourt was fought October 25, 1415. The saints who gave name to the day were Cris'pin and Cris pi a'nus, two brothers, who traveled from Rome into France to spread Christianity. In order to support themselves, they became shoemakers. Their religion was discovered, and they were put to death. **Gentle his condition** : make his condition that of a gentleman.

## The Battle of Agincourt

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON

Michael Drayton (1563–1631): An English poet. He published some historical poems entitled “The Barons’ Wars” and “England’s Heroical Epistles.” His principal work is the “Poly-Olbion,” a poetical description of the natural scenery of Great Britain and the legends and stories connected therewith.

Agincourt, Agincourt! know ye not Agincourt?

Where the English slew and hurt

All the French foemen.

With our guns and bills brown,

Oh, the French were beat down,

Morris pikes and bowmen!

— T. HEYWOOD

Fair stood the wind for France

When we our sails advance,

Nor now to prove our chance

Longer will tarry;

5      But putting to the main,

At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,

With all his martial train,

Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,

10      Furnished in warlike sort,

Marched toward Agincourt

In happy hour;

Skirmishing day by day

With those that stopped his way,

15      Where the French general lay

With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,  
 King Henry to deride,  
 His ransom to provide

To the king sending :  
 Which he neglects the while,  
 As from a nation vile,  
 Yet, with an angry smile,  
 Their fall portending.

5

And turning to his men,  
 Quoth our brave Henry then :  
 " Though they be one to ten,  
 Be not amazèd.

10

Yet have we well begun,  
 Battles so bravely won  
 Have ever to the sun  
 By fame been raisèd.

15

" And for myself," quoth he,  
 " This my full rest shall be ;  
 England ne'er mourn for me,  
 Nor more esteem me :—

20

Victor I will remain,  
 Or on this earth lie slain.  
 Never shall she sustain  
 Loss to redeem me.

" Poitiers and Crécy tell,  
 When most their pride did swell,  
 Under our swords they fell :  
 No less our skill is,

25

Than when our grandsire great,  
 Claiming the regal seat  
 By many a warlike feat,  
     Lopped the French lilies."

5           The Duke of York so dread  
           The eager vanguard led,  
           With the main Henry sped,  
           Among his henchmen.  
           Exeter had the rear,  
 10          A braver man not there,  
           Heaven ! how hot they were  
           On the false Frenchmen !

          They now to fight are gone :  
           Armor on armor shone,  
 15          Drum now to drum did groan,  
           To hear was wonder ;  
           That with the cries they make,  
           The very earth did shake,  
           Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
 20          Thunder to thunder.

          Well it thine age became,  
           O noble Erpingham,  
           Which did the signal aim  
           To our hid forces ;  
 25          When from a meadow by,  
           Like a storm suddenly,  
           The English archery  
           Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
 Arrows a cloth yard long,  
 That like to serpents stung,  
     Piercing the weather ;  
 None from his fellow starts,  
 But playing manly parts,  
 And like true English hearts,  
     Stuck close together.

5

When down their bows they threw,  
 And forth their bilboes drew,  
 And on the French they flew ;  
     Not one was tardy ;  
 Arms were from shoulders sent ;  
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
 Down the French peasants went,  
     Our men were hardy.

10

15

This while our noble king,  
 His broad sword brandishing,  
 Down the French host did ding,  
     As to o'erwhelm it ;  
 And many a deep wound lent,  
 His arms with blood besprent,  
 And many a cruel dent  
     Bruisèd his helmet.

20

Gloucester, that duke so good,  
 Next of the royal blood,  
 For famous England stood,  
     With his brave brother ;

25

Clarence, in steel so bright,  
 Though but a maiden knight,  
 Yet in that curious fight  
 Scarce such another.

5 Warwick in blood did wade,  
 Oxford the foe invade,  
 And cruel slaughter made,  
 Still as they ran up ;  
 Suffolk his ax did ply,  
 10 Beaumont and Willoughby  
 Bear them right doughtily,  
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day  
 Fought was this noble fray,  
 15 Which fame did not delay  
 To England to carry.  
 Oh, when shall Englishmen,  
 With such acts fill a pen,  
 Or England breed again  
 20 Such a King Harry !

---

**Bills**: weapons of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, consisting of long staffs to which were attached broad, two-edged blades, with short pikes at back and top. **Mōr'ris pikes**: Moorish pikes. **Thomas Hey'wood** (— 1650 ?): an English actor and dramatic poet. **Poitiers** (pwā tī ā') and **Crécy** (crēs'sī): King Henry encourages his soldiers by reminding them of these two great battles in which King Edward III. and his son, the Black Prince, won signal victories over the French. **Our grand-sire great**: Edward III. **Edward, Duke of York**: killed in this battle. **Sir Thomas Êr'ping ham**: an English leader who gave

the signal for attack. **Spanish yew** : the best bows were made of yew wood from Spain. **Bil'bôes** : swords, named from Bilboa, in Spain. **Thomas, Duke of Clarence** : the brother of King Henry V. He is called a maiden knight because he had lately received the honor of knighthood and had not yet distinguished himself by warlike achievements. **Ōx'ford, Sūf'folk, Beau'(bō)-mont, Wil'lough bȳ** : English noblemen who fought in the battle of Agincourt. **Dough'tilȳ** : bravely.

---

## Agincourt

BY JULES MICHELET

Jules Michelet (1798–1874): An eminent French historian. He wrote several historical works for schools, which led to his being appointed professor of history at the Sorbonne. He distinguished himself as an adversary of the Jesuits and Romanism. His principal works are a "History of the French Revolution" and a "History of France," brilliant in style and full of ingenious generalizations.

This account of the battle of Agincourt is from the "History of France."

The two armies were strangely contrasted. On the French side might be seen three enormous squadrons, like three forests of lances, which in this narrow plain followed one another in order and extended to a vast depth; in their front stood the constable, the princes, and a crowd of nobles, a dazzling rainbow of enameled armor, of coats of arms, of banners, of horses strangely masked in steel and gold. The French had their archers too, men of the commons these; but where were they to be set? Every place was disposed of; no one would give up his post; 10 people such as these archers would have been a blot on so noble a gathering. There were cannons, too, but it does

not seem that they were used ; probably no more room could be found for them than for the bowmen. On the other side stood the English army. Its outer seeming was poor enough. The archers had no armor, often no shoes ; they had wretched headpieces of boiled leather, or even of osier, guarded by a crosspiece of iron ; the axes and hatchets hung at their belts gave them the look of carpenters. Many of these good workmen had loosed their belts to work the more easily, first to bend the bow, then to wield the ax, when time came for leaving behind them the line of sharpened stakes which protected their front and for hewing at the motionless masses which stood before them.

For strange, incredible as it may seem, it is certain that the French army could not move, either to fight or fly. In the after struggle the rear guard alone made its escape. At the critical moment indeed of the battle, when old Thomas of Erpingham, after putting the English army in array, threw up his staff in the air, and cried, "Now strike !" while the English replied with a shout of ten thousand men, the French army, to their great surprise, remained immovable. Horses and horsemen all seemed enchanted or dead in their armor. In reality these great war horses, under the weight of their heavy riders and of their huge caparisons of iron, had sunk deeply in the thick clay on which they stood ; they were so firmly fixed that it was with difficulty that they disengaged themselves in an attempt to advance. But their advance was only step by step. The field was a mere swamp of tenacious mud. "The field was soft and cut up by the horses ; it was almost impossible to draw one's feet out of the ground,

so soft was it. Besides this," goes on the French historian, "the French were so loaded with harness that they could not go forward. In the first place, they were burdened with steel coats of mail long enough to reach below the knees and very heavy, and below this mail they had harness on their legs, and above it harness of weight and helmets atop of all. Then they were so crowded together that none could lift their arms to strike the enemy, save those who were in the front rank." Another historian on the English side tells us that the French were arrayed thirty-two men deep, while the English stood but four men deep. This enormous depth of the French column was useless, for almost all who composed it were knights and horsemen, and the bulk of them were so far from being able to act that they never even saw what was going on in the front ; while among the English every man had his share in the action. Of the fifty thousand Frenchmen in fact but two or three thousand had the power actively to engage with the eleven thousand Englishmen ; or at least might have had the power, had the horses freed themselves from the mire.

To rouse these sluggish masses to action the English archers discharged thousands of arrows right at their faces. The iron-clad horsemen bowed their heads, or the arrows would have pierced the visors of their helmets. Then on either flank of the army, from Tramecourt and from Agincourt, two French squadrons, by dint of hard spurring, got clumsily into motion, and came on headed by two famous men-at-arms, Messire Cliquet de Brabant and Messire Guillaume de Sausure. But the first squadron, which came from Tramecourt, was suddenly riddled

by the fire from a body of archers hidden in the wood on its flank ; and neither the one squadron nor the other ever reached the English line. In fact, of twelve hundred men who charged, but a hundred and twenty managed to dash themselves against the stakes on the English front. The bulk had fallen on the road, men and horses, as they floundered in the thick mud. And well had it been had all fallen, for those whose horses were wounded could no longer govern the maddened beasts, and they turned back to rush on the French ranks. Far from being able to open them to let them pass, the advance guard was, as has been seen, so thickly massed together that not a man could move ; and one may conceive the fearful confusion that fell on the serried mass, the frightened horses plunging and backing through it, flinging down their riders, or crushing them into a mass of clashing iron. It was in the midst of this turmoil that the Englishmen fell on them. Quitting their front of stakes, throwing down bow and arrow, they came on at their ease, hatchet and ax, sword or loaded club in hand, to hew at the vast confused heap of men and horses. When, in all good time, they had finally made a clearance of the advance guard, they advanced, with King Henry at their head, on the second line of battle behind it. It was perhaps at this moment that eighteen French gentlemen fell upon the English king. They had vowed, it is said, to die or to dash his crown from his head ; one of them tore from it a fleur-de-lis ; but all perished on the spot. It was now at any rate that the Duke of Brabant hurried up to the fight. He came late enough ; but he was still in good time to die. The brave prince had left his men behind him ; he

had not even put on his coat of arms : in its stead he took his banner, made a hole in it, passed his head through the hole, and threw himself upon the English, who slew him in an instant. Only the rear guard now remained, and this soon melted away.

5

---

**Flëur de lis'**: a French emblem of royalty. **Duke of Bräbânt'**.

---

### A Song for St. Cecilia's Day

BY JOHN DRYDEN



John Dryden

John Dryden (1631-1700): An English poet and dramatist, the most popular author of his time. His popularity was partly due to the merit of his poems and partly to the fact that they celebrated the heroes of the day. He passed with facility from one party and religion to another, as the puritan Cromwell, the restored Stuart, Charles II., or the Catholic James II., was in the ascendancy. Dryden's style is vigorous, his command of language great.

His principal poems are "Anus Mirabilis," "Religio Laici," "The Hind and the Panther," "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," two satires, "Absalom and Achitophel" and "MacFlecknoe," and a translation of Virgil's "Aeneid."

This "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," one of his best poems, was written at the request of a musical society for its celebration of St. Cecilia's Day, the twenty-second of November.

St. Cecilia was a Roman virgin who suffered martyrdom in the second or third century. She is the patron saint of music, and the reputed inventor of the organ. A legend says that an angel, charmed by her music, brought her each night a rose from heaven.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

This universal frame began ;

When Nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

5 And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

" Arise, ye more than dead."

Then cold and hot and moist and dry

In order to their stations leap,

10 And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began :

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

15 The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell !

When Jubal struck the corded shell,

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering on their faces fell

20 To worship that celestial sound :

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
 What passion cannot music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor  
     Excites us to arms  
 With shrill notes of anger 5  
     And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat  
     Of the thundering drum  
     Cries, " Hark ! the foes come ;  
 Charge, charge ! 'tis too late to retreat." 10

The soft complaining flute  
     In dying notes discovers  
     The woes of hopeless lovers,  
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

    Sharp violins proclaim 15  
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
 Fury, frantic indignation,  
 Depth of pains and height of passion,  
     For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach, 20  
 What human voice can reach  
 The sacred organ's praise ?  
     Notes inspiring holy love,  
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
     To mend the choirs above. 25

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
 And trees unrooted left their place,  
     Sequacious of the lyre ;

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :  
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
 An angel heard and straight appeared,  
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

(*Grand Chorus*)

5       As from the power of sacred lays  
           The spheres began to move,  
       And sung the great Creator's praise  
           To all the blessed above ;  
       So when the last and dreadful hour  
 10      This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
       The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
       The dead shall live, the living die,  
       And music shall untune the sky.

---

**Cold and hot and moist and dry** : the four elemental properties. According to the doctrine of ancient physics, all things were composed of the four elements, air, fire, water, and earth. The higher natures, such as man, were made so by the preponderance of air and fire in their composition. **Jū'bal** : the inventor of the lyre and the flute. See Genesis iv. 19–21. **Sé quā'cious (shūs)** : following ; attendant.

---

I hold every man a debtor to his profession ; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

— BACON

## The Bird

FROM "THE QUEEN OF THE AIR," BY JOHN RUSKIN

The bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it; is the air <sup>5</sup> conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air.. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect <sup>10</sup> form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or <sup>15</sup> lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of <sup>20</sup> the air: on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized <sup>25</sup> by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along

breast and throat and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea sand — even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

---

## The Flight in the Heather

BY R. L. STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894): A Scottish novelist and poet, several of whose charming poems for children have been given in the earlier books of this series. He was educated for an engineer, but studied law, and afterward adopted literature as his profession. Among his best-known books are "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Virginibus Puerisque," and "A Child's Garden of Verse."

This selection is from "Kidnapped," the story of the adventures of David Balfour, a Scottish lad, in the year 1751. David and his companion, Alan Breck, were suspected of murder. They were unwilling to inform against the criminal, who was known to them, and they took refuge in flight. The scenes of their flight — Glencoe, Appin, and the other places mentioned — are in the western part of Scotland, near the coast.

### I

5 Sometimes we walked, sometimes ran ; and as it drew on to morning, walked ever the less and ran the more. Though upon its face that country appeared to be a desert, yet there were huts and houses of the people, of which we must have passed more than twenty, hidden in  
 10 quiet places of the hills. When we came to one of these, Alan would leave me in the way, and go himself and rap upon the side of the house and speak awhile at the win-

dow with some sleeper awakened. This was to pass the news, which, in that country, was so much of a duty that Alan must pause to attend to it even while fleeing for his life ; and so well attended to by others that in more than half of the houses where we called, they had already 5 heard of the murder. In the others, as well as I could make out—standing back at a distance and hearing a strange tongue—the news was received with more of consternation than surprise.

For all our hurry, day began to come in while we were 10 still far from any shelter. It found us in a prodigious valley, strewn with rocks and where ran a foaming river. Wild mountains stood around it ; there grew there neither grass nor trees ; and I have sometimes thought since then, that it may have been the valley called Glencoe, 15 where the massacre was in the time of King William.

The first peep of morning, then, showed us this horrible place, and I could see Alan knit his brow.

“This is no fit place for you and me,” he said. “This is a place they’re bound to watch.” 20

And with that he ran harder than ever down to the water side, in a part where the river was split in two among three rocks. It went through with a horrid thundering, and there hung over the lin a little mist of spray. Alan looked neither to the right nor to the left, but 25 jumped clean upon the middle rock, and fell there on his hands and knees to check himself, for that rock was small and he might have pitched over on the far side. I had scarce time to measure the distance or to understand the peril before I had followed him, and he had caught and 30 stopped me.

So there we stood, side by side, upon a small rock slippery with spray, a far broader leap in front of us, and the river dinning upon all sides. When I saw where I was there came on me a deadly sickness of fear, and I  
 5 put my hand over my eyes. Alan took me and shook me; I saw he was speaking, but the roaring of the falls and the trouble of my mind prevented me from hearing; only I saw his face was red with anger and that he stamped upon the rock. The same look showed me the  
 10 water raging by and the mist hanging in the air; and with that I covered my eyes again and shuddered.

The next minute Alan had set the brandy bottle to my lips and forced me to drink about a gill, which sent the blood to my head again. Then, putting his hands to  
 15 his mouth and his mouth to my ear he shouted, "Hang or drown!" and, turning his back upon me, leaped over the further branch of the stream, and landed safe.

I was now alone upon the rock, which gave me the more room; the brandy was singing in my ears; I had this  
 20 good example fresh before me, and just wit enough to see that if I did not leap at once, I should never leap at all. I bent low on my knees and flung myself forth, with that kind of anger of despair that has sometimes stood me in stead of courage. Sure enough, it was but my hands  
 25 that reached the full length; these slipped, caught again, slipped again; and I was slithering back into the lin, when Alan seized me, first by the hair, then by the collar, and with a great strain dragged me into safety.

Never a word he said, but set off running again for  
 30 his life, and I must stagger to my feet and run after him.

I had been weary before, but now I was sick and bruised,

and partly drunken with the brandy ; I kept stumbling as I ran, I had a stitch that came near to overmaster me ; and when at last Alan paused under a great rock that stood there among a number of others, it was none too soon for David Balfour.

5

A great rock, I have said ; but by rights it was two rocks leaning together at the top, both some twenty feet high, and at the first sight inaccessible. Even Alan — though you may say he had as good as four hands — failed twice in an attempt to climb them ; and it was 10 only at the third trial, and then by standing on my shoulders and leaping up with such force as I thought must have broken my collar bone, that he secured a lodgment. Once there, he let down his leathern girdle ; and with the aid of that, and a pair of shallow footholds in the rock, 15 I scrambled up beside him.

Then I saw why we had come there ; for the two rocks, both being somewhat hollow on the top and sloping one to the other, made a kind of dish or saucer, where as many as three or four men might have lain hidden.

20

All this while, Alan had said not a word, and had run and climbed with such a savage, silent frenzy of hurry, that I knew he was in mortal fear of some miscarriage. Even now we were on the rock he said nothing, nor so much as relaxed the frowning look upon his face ; but 25 clapped flat down, and keeping only one eye above the edge of our place of shelter, scouted all round the compass. The dawn had come quite clear ; we could see the stony sides of the valley, and its bottom, which was bestrewed with rocks, and the river, which went from one 30 side to another and made white falls ; but nowhere the

smoke of a house, nor any living creature but some eagles screaming round a cliff.

Then at last Alan smiled.

"Aye," said he, "now we have a chance;" and then, looking at me with some amusement, "Ye're no very gleg at the jumping," said he.

At this I suppose I colored with mortification, for he added at once: "Hoots! small blame to ye! To be feared of a thing and yet to do it, is what makes the prettiest kind of a man. And then there was water there, and water's a thing that dauntons even me. No, no," said Alan, "it's no you that's to blame, it's me."

I asked him why.

"Why," said he, "I have proved myself a gomerall this night. For first of all I take a wrong road, and that in my own country of Appin; so that the day has caught us where we should never have been; and thanks to that, we lie here in some danger and mair discomfort. And next — which is the worst of the two, for a man that has been so much among the heather as myself — I have come wanting a water bottle, and here we lie for a long summer's day with naething but neat spirit. Ye may think that a small matter; but before it comes night, David, ye'll give me news of it."

I was anxious to redeem my character, and offered, if he would pour out the brandy, to run down and fill the bottle at the river.

"I would nae waste the good spirit either," says he.

"It's been a good friend to you this night, or, in my poor opinion, ye would still be cocking on yon stone.

And what's mair," says he, "ye may have observed — you

that's a man of so much penetration — that Alan Breck Stewart was perhaps walking quicker than his ordinar'."

"You!" I cried, "you were running fit to burst."

"Was I so?" said he. "Well then, ye may depend upon it, there was nae time to be lost. And now here is enough said; gang you to your sleep, lad, and I'll watch."

Accordingly, I lay down to sleep; a little peaty earth had drifted in between the top of the two rocks, and some bracken grew there, to be a bed to me; the last thing I heard was still the crying of the eagles.

## II

I dare say it would be nine in the morning when I was roughly awakened, and found Alan's hand pressed upon my mouth.

"Wheesht!" he whispered. "You were snoring." 15

"Well," said I, surprised at his anxious and dark face, "and why not?"

He peered over the edge of the rock, and signed to me to do the like.

It was now high day, cloudless, and very hot. The valley was as clear as in a picture. About half a mile up the water was a camp of redcoats; a big fire blazed in their midst, at which some were cooking; and near by on the top of a rock, about as high as ours, there stood a sentry with the sun sparkling on his arms. All the way down along the river side were posted other sentries; here near together, there widelier scattered; some planted like the first, on places of command, some on the

ground level, and marching and countermarching, so as to meet half way. Higher up the glen, where the ground was more open, the chain of posts was continued by horse soldiers, whom we could see in the distance  
 5 riding to and fro. Lower down, the infantry continued ; but as the stream was suddenly swelled by the confluence of a considerable burn, they were more widely set, and only watched the fords and stepping-stones.

I took but one look at them and ducked again into my  
 10 place. It was strange indeed to see this valley, which had lain so solitary in the hour of dawn, bristling with arms and dotted with the red coats and breeches.

"Ye see," said Alan, "this was what I was afraid of, Davie ; that they would watch the burn side. They  
 15 began to come in about two hours ago, and man ! but ye're a grand hand at the sleeping ! We're in a narrow place. If they get up the sides of the hill, they could easy spy us with a glass ; but if they'll only keep in the foot of the valley, we'll do yet. The posts are thinner  
 20 down the water ; and come night, we'll try our hand at getting by them."

"And what are we to do till night ?" I asked.

"Lie here," said he, "and birsle."

That one good Scotch word, "birsle," was indeed the  
 25 most of the story of the day that we had now to pass.

You are to remember that we lay on the bare top of a rock, like scones upon a griddle ; the sun beat upon us cruelly ; the rock grew so heated a man could scarce endure the touch of it ; and the little patch of earth and  
 30 fern, which kept cooler, was only large enough for one at a time. We took turn about to lie on the naked rock,

which was indeed like the position of that saint that was martyred on a gridiron.

All the while we had no water, only raw brandy for a drink, which was worse than nothing ; but we kept the bottle as cool as we could, burying it in the earth, and 5 got some relief by bathing our breasts and temples.

The soldiers kept stirring all day in the bottom of the valley, now changing guard, now in patrolling parties hunting among the rocks. These lay round in so great a number that to look for men among them was like 10 looking for a needle in a bottle of hay ; and being so hopeless a task, it was gone about with the less care. Yet we could see the soldiers pike their bayonets among the heather, which sent a cold thrill into my vitals ; and they would sometimes hang about our rock, so that 15 we scarce dared to breathe.

The tediousness and pain of these hours upon the rocks grew only the greater as the day went on ; the rock getting still the hotter and the sun fiercer. There were giddiness and sickness and sharp pangs like rheumatism 20 to be supported. I minded then, and have often minded since, on the lines in our Scotch Psalm : —

“ The moon by night thee shall not smite,  
Nor yet the sun by day ; ”

and indeed it was only by God's blessing that we were 25 neither of us sun-smitten.

At last, about two, it was beyond men's bearing, and there was now temptation to resist as well as pain to thole. For the sun being now got a little into the west,

there came a patch of shade on the east side of our rock, which was the side sheltered from the soldiers.

"As well one death as another," said Alan, and slipped over the edge and dropped on the ground on the shadowy  
5 side.

I followed him at once, and instantly fell all my length, so weak was I and so giddy with that long exposure. Here, then, we lay for an hour or two, aching from head to foot, as weak as water, and lying quite naked  
10 to the eye of any soldier who should have strolled that way. None came, however, all passing by on the other side, so that our rock continued to be our shield even in this new position.

Presently we began again to get a little strength;  
15 and as the soldiers were now lying closer along the river side, Alan proposed that we should try a start. I was by this time afraid of but one thing in the world, and that was to be set back upon the rock; anything else was welcome to me; so we got ourselves at once in marching  
20 order, and began to slip from rock to rock one after the other, now crawling, now making a run for it, heart in mouth.

The soldiers, having searched this side of the valley after a fashion and being perhaps somewhat sleepy with  
25 the sultriness of the afternoon, had now laid by much of their vigilance, and stood dozing at their posts, or only kept a lookout along the banks of the river, so that in this way, keeping down the valley and at the same time toward the mountains, we drew steadily away  
30 from their neighborhood. But the business was the most wearing I had ever taken part in. A man had need of a

hundred eyes in every part of him, to keep concealed in that uneven country and within cry of so many and scattered sentries. When we must pass an open place, quickness was not all, but a swift judgment not only of the lie of the whole country but of the solidity of every stone on which we must set foot ; for the afternoon was now fallen so breathless that the rolling of a pebble sounded abroad like a pistol shot, and would start the echo calling among the hills and cliffs.

By sundown, we had made some distance, even by our slow rate of progress, though to be sure the sentry on the rock was still plainly in our view. But now we came on something that put all fears out of season ; and that was a deep, rushing burn that tore down, in that part, to join the glen river. At the sight of this, we cast ourselves on the ground and plunged head and shoulders in the water ; and I cannot tell which was the more pleasant, the great shock as the cool stream went over us or the greed with which we drank of it.

We lay there—for the banks hid us—drank again and again, bathed our chests, let our wrists trail in the running water till they ached with the chill ; and at last, being wonderfully renewed, we got out the meal-bag and made drammach in the iron pot. This, though it is but cold water mingled with oatmeal, yet makes a good enough dish for a hungry man ; and where there are no means of making fire, or, as in our case, good reason for not making one, it is the chief stand-by of those who have taken to the heather.

As soon as the shadow of the night had fallen, we set forth again, at first with the same caution, but presently

with more boldness, standing our full height and stepping out at a good pace of walking. The way was very intricate, lying up the steep sides of mountains and along the brows of cliffs ; clouds had come in with the sunset and the night was dark and cool, so that I walked without much fatigue, but in continual fear of falling and rolling down the mountains, and with no guess at our direction.

The moon rose at last and found us still on the road ; it was in its last quarter and was long beset with clouds ; but after a while shone out, and showed me many dark heads of mountains, and was reflected far underneath us on the narrow arm of a sea loch.

At this sight we both paused : I struck with wonder to find myself so high and walking, as it seemed to me, upon clouds ; Alan to make sure of his direction.

Seemingly he was well pleased, and he must certainly have judged us out of earshot of all our enemies ; for throughout the rest of our night march, he beguiled the way with whistling of many tunes, warlike, merry, plaintive ; reel tunes that made the foot go faster ; tunes of my own south country that made me fain to be home from my adventures ; and all these, on the great, dark, desert mountains, making company upon the way.

Early as day comes in the beginning of July, it was still dark when we reached our destination, a cleft in the head of a great mountain, with a water running through the midst, and upon the one hand a shallow cave in a rock. Birches grew there in a thin, pretty wood, which a little farther on was changed into a wood of pines. The burn was full of trout ; the wood of cushat doves ; on

the opening side of the mountain beyond, whaups would be always whistling and cuckoos were plentiful. From the mouth of the cleft we looked down upon a part of Mamore, and on the sea loch that divides that country from Appin ; and this from so great a height, as made it my continual wonder and pleasure to sit and behold them. 5

The name of the cleft was the Heugh of Corrynakiegh ; and although from its height and being so near upon the sea, it was often beset with clouds, yet it was on the whole a pleasant place, and the five days we lived in it went 10 happily.

We slept in the cave, making our bed of heather bushes which we cut for that purpose, and covering ourselves with Alan's greatcoat. There was a low, concealed place, in a turning of the glen, where we were so bold as to 15 make fire so that we could warm ourselves when the clouds set in, and cook hot porridge, and grill the little trouts that we caught with our hands, under the stones and overhanging banks of the burn. This was indeed our chief pleasure and business ; and not only to save our 20 meal against worse times, but with a rivalry that much amused us, we spent a great part of our days at the water side, stripped to the waist, and groping about, or, as they say, guddling for these fish. The largest we got might have been three quarters of a pound ; but they were of 25 good flesh and flavor, and when broiled upon the coals, lacked only a little salt to be delicious.

In any by-time Alan must teach me to use my sword, for my ignorance had much distressed him ; and I think besides, as I had sometimes the upper hand of him in the 30 fishing, he was not sorry to turn to an exercise where he

had so much the upper hand of me. He made it somewhat more of a pain than need have been, for he stormed at me all through the lessons in a very violent manner of scolding, and would push me so close that I made sure he must run me through the body. I was often tempted to turn tail, but held my ground for all that, and got some profit of my lessons ; if it was but to stand on guard with an assured countenance, which is often all that is required. So, though I could never in the least please my master, I was not altogether displeased with myself.

## III

In the meanwhile, you are not to suppose that we neglected our chief business, which was to get away.

"It will be many a long day," Alan said to me on our first morning, "before the redcoats think upon seeking Corrynakiegh ; so now we must get word sent to James, and he must find the siller for us."

"And how shall we send that word ?" says I. "We are here in a desert place, which yet we dare not leave ; and unless we get the fowls of the air to be your messengers, I see not what we shall be able to do."

"Aye ?" said Alan. "Ye're a man of small contrivance, David."

Thereupon he fell in a muse, looking in the embers of the fire ; and presently, getting a piece of wood, he fashioned it in a cross, the four ends of which he blackened on the coals. Then he looked at me a little shyly.

"Could ye lend me my button ?" says he. "It seems a strange thing to ask a gift again, but I own I am laith to cut another."

I gave him the button ; whereupon he strung it on a strip of his greatcoat, which he had used to bind the cross ; and tying in a little sprig of birch and another of fir, he looked upon his work with satisfaction.

“ Now,” said he, “ there is a little clachan,” — what is 5 called a hamlet in the English — “ not very far from Corrynakiegh, and it has the name of Koalinsnacoan. There, there are living many friends of mine whom I could trust with my life, and some that I am no just so sure of. Ye see, David, there will be money set upon our heads ; James 10 himsel’ is to set money on them ; and as for the Campbells, they would never spare siller where there was a Stewart to be hurt. If it was otherwise, I would go down to Koalinsnacoan whatever, and trust my life into these people’s hands as lightly as I would trust another with my 15 glove.”

“ But being so ? ” said I.

“ Being so,” said he, “ I would as lief they didnae see me. There’s bad folk everywhere, and what’s far worse, weak ones. So when it comes dark again, I will steal 20 down into that clachan, and set this that I have been making in the window of a good friend of mine, John Breck Maccoll, a bouman of Appin’s.”

“ With all my heart,” says I ; “ and if he finds it, what is he to think ? ”

25

“ Well,” says Alan, “ I wish he was a man of more penetration, for by my troth I am afraid he will make little enough of it ! But this is what I have in my mind. This cross is something in the nature of the cross-tarrie, or fiery cross, which is the signal of gathering in our clans ; 30 yet he will know well enough the clan is not to rise, for

there it is standing in his window, and no word with it. So he will say to himsel', 'The clan is not to rise, but there is something.' Then he will see my button, and that was Duncan Stewart's. And then he will say to himsel', 'The son of Duncan is in the heather and has need of me.'"

"Well," said I, "it may be. But even supposing so, there is a good deal of heather between here and the Forth."

10 "And that is a very true word," says Alan. "But then John Breck will see the sprig of birch and the sprig of pine; and he will say to himsel',—if he is a man of any penetration at all, which I misdoubt,—'Alan will be lying in a wood which is both of pines and birches.' Then  
15 he will think to himsel', 'That is not so very rife here-about;' and then he will come and give us a look up in Corrynakiegh. And if he does not, David, the devil may fly away with him, for what I care; for he will no be worth the salt to his porridge."

20 "Eh, man," said I, drolling with him a little, "you're very ingenious! But would it not be simpler for you to write him a few words in black and white?"

"And that is an excellent observe, Mr. Balfour of Shaws," says Alan, drolling with me; "and it would cer-  
25 tainly be much simpler for me to write to him, but it would be a sore job for John Breck to read it. He would have to go to the school for two—three years; and it's possible we might be wearied waiting on him."

So that night Alan carried down his fiery cross and set  
30 it in the bouman's window. He was troubled when he came back; for the dogs had barked and the folk run out

from their houses ; and he thought he had heard a clatter of arms and seen a redcoat come to one of the doors. On all accounts, we lay the next day in the borders of the wood, and kept a close lookout ; so that if it was John Breck that came, we might be ready to guide him, and if it was the redcoats, we should have time to get away.

About noon a man was to be spied, straggling up the open side of the mountain in the sun, and looking round him as he came, from under his hand. No sooner had Alan seen him than he whistled ; the man turned and came a little toward us ; then Alan would give another "peep !" and the man would come still nearer ; and so by the sound of whistling, he was guided to the spot where we lay.

He was a ragged, wild, bearded man, about forty, grossly disfigured with the smallpox, and looked both dull and savage. Although his English was very bad and broken, yet Alan, according to his very handsome use, whenever I was by, would suffer him to speak no Gaelic. Perhaps the strange language made him appear more backward than he really was ; but I thought he had little good will to serve us, and what he had was the child of terror.

Alan would have had him carry a message to James, but the bouman would hear of no message. "She was forget it," he said in his screaming voice, and would have either a letter or wash his hands of us.

I thought Alan would be gravelled at that, for we lacked the means of writing in that desert. But he was a man of more resources than I knew ; he searched the wood until he found a quill of a cushat dove, which he

shaped into a pen; made himself a kind of ink with gunpowder from his horn and water from the running stream; and tearing a corner from his French military commission, which he carried in his pocket, like a talisman to keep him from the gallows, he sat down and wrote as follows:—

“DEAR KINSMAN,— Please send the money by the bearer to the place he kens of.

“Your affectionate cousin,

“A. S.”

10 This he intrusted to the bouman, who promised to make what manner of speed he best could, and carried it off with him down the hill.

He was three full days gone, but about five in the evening of the third, we heard a whistling in the wood, 15 which Alan answered; and presently the bouman came up the water side, looking for us, right and left. He seemed less sulky than before, and indeed he was no doubt well pleased to have got to the end of such a dangerous commission.

20 He gave us the news of the country: that it was alive with redcoats; that arms were being found, and poor folk brought in trouble daily; and that James and some of his servants were already clapped in prison at Fort William, under strong suspicion of complicity. It seemed 25 it was noised on all sides that Alan Breck had fired the shot; and there was a bill issued for both him and me, with one hundred pounds reward.

This was all as bad as could be; and the little note the bouman had carried us from Mrs. Stewart was of a miserable 30 erable sadness. In it she besought Alan not to let him-

self be captured, assuring him, if he fell in the hands of the troops, both he and James were no better than dead men. The money she had sent was all that she could beg or borrow, and she prayed Heaven we could be doing with it. 5

"It's little enough," said Alan, putting the purse in his pocket, "but it'll do my business. And now, John Breck, if ye will hand me over my button, this gentleman and me will be for taking the road."

But the bouman, after feeling about in a hairy purse 10 that hung in front of him in the Highland manner, though he wore otherwise the lowland habit, with sea trousers, began to roll his eyes strangely, and at last said, "Her nainsel will loss it," meaning he had thought he had lost it. 15

"What!" cried Alan, "you will lose my button, that was my father's before me? Now, I will tell you what is in my mind, John Breck: it is in my mind this is the worst day's work that ever ye did since ye were born."

And as Alan spoke he set his hands on his knees, 20 and looked at the bouman with a smiling mouth and that dancing light in his eyes that meant mischief to his enemies.

Perhaps the bouman was honest enough; perhaps he had meant to cheat and then, finding himself alone with 25 two of us in a desert place, cast back to honesty as being safer; at least, and all at once, he seemed to find the button and handed it to Alan.

"Well, and it is a good thing for the honor of the Maccolls," said Alan, and then to me, "Here is my button 30 back again, and I thank you for parting with it, which is

of a piece with all your friendships to me." Then he took the warmest parting of the bouman. "For," says he, "ye have done very well by me, and set your neck at a venture, and I will always give you the name of a good man."

Lastly, the bouman took himself off by one way; and Alan and I, getting our chattels together, struck into another to resume our flight.

I. **Lín**: waterfall; cataract. **Glög**: brisk. **Prettiest**: bravest. **Däun'tons**: daunts; disheartens. **Göm'er al**: silly fellow. **Neat spirit**: unadulterated liquor; that which is free from mixture. **Bräck'en**: fern.

II. **Börn**: a small stream. **Bir'sle**: scorch; broil. **Thöle**: bear; endure. **Läith**: loath; unwilling. **Bou'man**: a tenant who takes stock from the landlord and shares with him the increase. **Tröth**: truth; faith. **Rife**: prevailing; abundant. **Gäel'ic**: the language of the Highlanders of Scotland. **Gräv'led**: embarrassed; perplexed. **Chät'tel**: goods.

## La Belle Dame sans Merci

BY JOHN KEATS

John Keats (1795-1820): An English poet whose works are characterized by melody, great powers of fancy, and vivid perception of the beautiful. The undeservedly harsh criticism of his early poems wounded his sensitive spirit, but he was cheered by the appreciation of such friends as the poet Shelley.

Among his principal works are "Hyperion," "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and some shorter poems of exquisite beauty.

"Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?

The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

“Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel’s granary is full,  
And the harvest’s done.

5

“I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheek a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.”

10

“I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful, — a fairy’s child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

“I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

15

“I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A fairy’s song.

20

“She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said,  
‘I love thee true!’

25

“She took me to her elfin grot,  
 And there she wept, and sighed full sore,  
 And there I shut her wild sad eyes  
 With kisses four.

5 “And there she lullèd me asleep,  
 And there I dreamed — Ah! woe betide!  
 The latest dream I ever dreamed  
 On the cold hill’s side.

10 “I saw pale kings and princes too,  
 Pale warriors, — death-pale were they all;  
 They cried, ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci  
 Hath thee in thrall!’

15 “I saw there starved lips in the gloam,  
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
 And I awoke and found me here,  
 On the cold hill’s side.

20 “And this is why I sojourn here,  
 Alone and palely loitering,  
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.”

---

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed,  
 and some few to be chewed and digested.

— BACON

## Falstaff and the Thieves

FROM "HENRY IV.," BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack, where hast thou been?

*Falstaff.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! 5  
— Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun; if thou didst, then behold that compound. 10

*Falstaff.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villainous coward! — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot 15 upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing Psalms or anything. A plague of all cow- 20 ards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now, woolsack! what mutter you?

*Falstaff.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear 25 hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*Prince.* Why, you round man, what's the matter?

*Falstaff.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that,  
—and Poin's there?

*Poins.* Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward,  
5 I'll stab thee.

*Falstaff.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere  
I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound  
I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight  
enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back;  
10 call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon  
such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give  
me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since  
thou drunk'st last.

15 *Falstaff.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague  
of all cowards, still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Falstaff.* What's the matter! there be four of us here  
have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

20 *Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Falstaff.* Where is it! taken from us it is; a hundred  
upon poor four of us.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Falstaff.* I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with  
25 a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by  
miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four  
through the hose; my buckler cut through and through;  
my sword hacked like a handsaw! I never dealt better  
since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all  
30 cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less  
than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs ; how was it ?

*Gadshill.* We four set upon some dozen —

*Falstaff.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gadshill.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound. 5

*Gadshill.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us —

*Falstaff.* And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought ye with them all ? 10

*Falstaff.* All ! I know not what ye call all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish ; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of 15 them.

*Falstaff.* Nay, that's past praying for : I have peppered two of them ; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal — if I tell thee a lie, call me horse — thou knowest my old ward ; 20 here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me —

*Prince.* What, four ? thou saidst but two even now.

*Falstaff.* Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

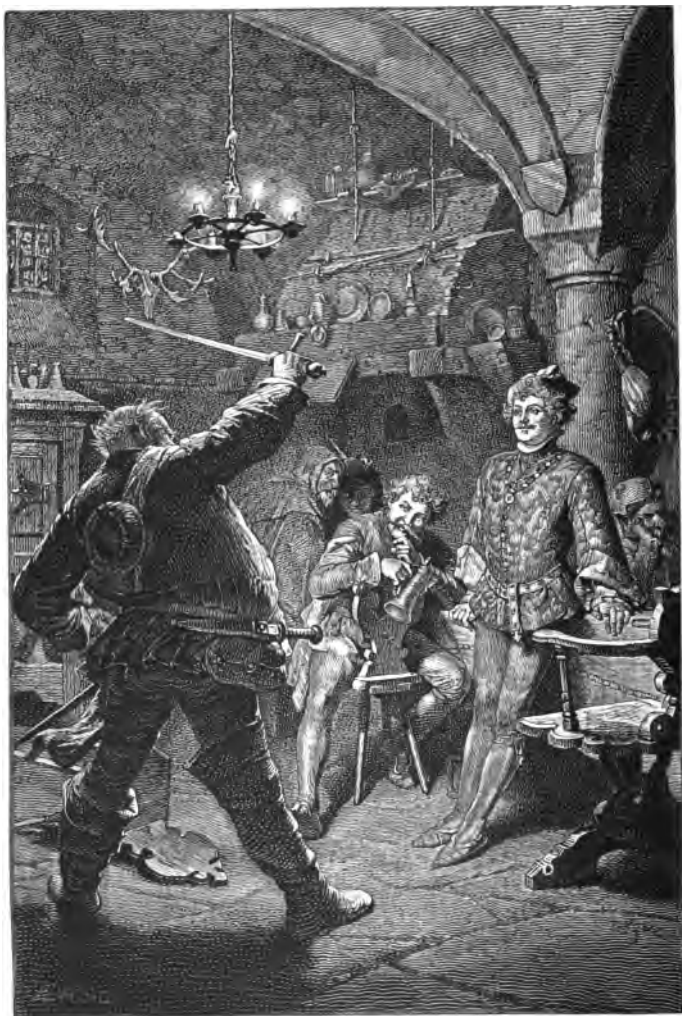
*Poins.* Aye, aye, he said four. 25

*Falstaff.* These four came all afront and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven ? why, there were but four even now.

*Falstaff.* In buckram ? 30

*Poins.* Aye, four, in buckram suits.



"Thus I bore my point"

*Falstaff.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*Prince.* [*aside to POINS*] Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Falstaff.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Aye, and mark thee too, Jack. 5

*Falstaff.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of —

*Prince.* So, two more already.

*Falstaff.* Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven 10 of the eleven I paid.

*Prince.* Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Falstaff.* But three knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, 15 that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prince.* These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, not-pated fool, thou greasy tallow-keech, —

*Falstaff.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not 20 the truth the truth?

*Prince.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this? 25

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Falstaff.* What, upon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I 30 would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

*Falstaff.* Away, you starveling, you eelskin, you dried neat's tongue, you stockfish. — Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck, —

*Prince.* Well, breathe awhile and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear  
10 me speak but this: —

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four; you bound them and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two  
15 set on you four; and with a word, out-faced you from your prize and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a  
20 slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou  
25 now?

*Falstaff.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules;  
30 but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on

instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the 5 titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*Prince.* Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Falstaff.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, and thou lovest 10 me!

**Säck:** a name formerly given to various Spanish wines. **Nēth'ēr stōcks:** stockings. **Ti'tan:** according to Roman mythology, the Titans were six giants, sons of Heaven and Earth. The name Titan was applied to various mythological persons supposed to be descended from them — among others to Helios, the sun god. Hence Titan came to be a common name for the sun, and so it is used here. **Shōt'ten herring:** one that has discharged its spawn and is lank and lean. **Bück'ram:** a coarse cloth used for wearing apparel, very different from the material now bearing that name. **Prith'ée:** pray thee. **Kēn'dal green:** a cloth named from Kendal in England, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture. Kendal green was the livery of Robin Hood and outlaws in general. **Nōt'-pāt šd:** having the hair cut short. **Kēech:** a lump of fat rolled up by the butcher. **Strāp pā'dō:** a military punishment by which the offender was drawn to the top of a beam and then let fall the length of the rope; in this way the limbs were often broken or dislocated. **Tück:** a long narrow sword. This and the preceding terms were applied to the prince on account of his slenderness.

## Swallow-time.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES

Richard Jefferies (1848-1887): An English journalist and essayist, best known for his books on nature. Among his works are "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Nature near London," "Life of the Fields," "Red Deer," and "The Open Air."

The eave swallows have come at last with the mid-summer time, and the hay and white clover and warm winds that breathe hotly, like one that has been running uphill; with the paler hawkweeds, whose edges are so delicately trimmed and cut and balanced, almost as if made by deft human fingers to human design, whose globes of down are like geometrical circles built up of facets, instead of by one revolution of the compasses; with foxglove, and dragon fly, and yellowing wheat; with  
 10 green cones of fir, and boom of distant thunder, and all things that say, "It is summer." Not many of them even now, sometimes only two in the air together, sometimes three or four, and one day eight, the very greatest number—a mere handful, for these eave swallows at such  
 15 times should crowd the sky. The white bars across their backs should be seen gliding beside the dark fir copse a quarter of a mile away. They should be seen everywhere, over the house, and to and fro the eaves, where half last year's nest remains; over the meadows and high up in  
 20 the blue ether. White breasts should gleam in the azure height, appearing and disappearing as they climb or sink, and wheel and slide through those long boomerang-like flights that suddenly take them a hundred yards aside.

They should crowd the sky together with the ruddy-throated chimney swallows, and the great swifts; but though it is haytime and the apples are set, yet eight eave swallows is the largest number I have counted in one afternoon. They did not come at all in the spring. 5 After the heavy winter cleared away, the delicate willow wrens soon sang in the tops of the beautiful green larches, the nightingale came, and the cuckoo, the chimney swallow, the doves softly cooing as the oaks came into leaf, and the black swifts. Up to May 26 there were no eave swallows 10 at the Sussex hillside where these notes were taken; that is more than a month later than the date of their usual arrival, which would be about the middle of April. After this they gradually came back. The chimney swallows were not so late, but even they are not so numerous as 15 usual. The swifts seem to have come more in their accustomed numbers. Now, the swallows are, of all others, the summer birds. As well suppose the trees without leaves as the summer air without swallows. Ever since of old time the Greeks went round from house to house in spring 20 singing the swallow song, these birds have been looked upon as the friends of man, and almost as the very givers of the sunshine.

The swallow's come, winging  
 His way to us here;  
 Fair hours is he bringing,  
 And a happy new year!

25

They had a song for everything, the mill song, the reaper's song, — just as in Somerset, the apple country, they still have a cider song, or perhaps, rather, an orchard 30

song. Such rhymes might well be chanted about the hay  
 and the wheat, or at the coming of the green leaf, or  
 the yellowing of the acorns, when the cawing of the  
 rooks is incessant, a kind of autumn festival. It seems  
 5 so natural that the events of the year should be met with  
 song. But somehow a very hard and unobservant spirit  
 has got abroad into our rural life, and people do not  
 note things as the old folk did. They do not mark the  
 coming of the swallows, nor any of the dates that make  
 10 the woodland an almanac. It is a pity that there should  
 be such indifference — that the harsh ways of the modern  
 town should press so heavily on the country. This sum-  
 mer, too, there seems a marked absence of bees, butterflies,  
 and other insects in the fields. One bee will come along,  
 15 calling at every head of white clover. By and by you  
 may see one more calling at the heathbells, and nothing  
 else, as in each journey they visit only the flower with  
 which they began. Then there will be quite an interval  
 before a third bee is seen, and a fourth may be found dead,  
 20 perhaps, on the path, besides which you may not notice  
 any more. For a whole hour you may not observe a  
 humblebee, and the wasplike hover-flies, that are gener-  
 ally past all thought of counting, are scarcely seen. A  
 blue butterfly we found in the dust of the road, without  
 25 the spirit to fly, and lifted him into a field to let him have  
 a chance of life; a few tortoiseshells, and so on — even  
 the white butterflies are quite uncommon, the whites that  
 used to drift along like snowflakes. Where are they all?  
 Did the snow kill them? Is there any connection between  
 30 the absence of insects and the absence of swallows? If so,  
 how did the swallows know beforehand, without coming,

that there were no insects for them? Yet the midsummer hum, the deep humming sound in the atmosphere above, has been loud and persistent over the hayfields, so that there must have been the usual myriads of the insects that cause this sound. While I was thinking in this way a swallow alighted on the turf, picked up a small white moth from among the short grass, and went off with it. In gloomy overcast weather the swallows at the seaside frequently alight on the pebbles of the beach to pick up the insects which will not rise and fly. Some beaches and sand banks are much frequented by insects, and black clouds of them sometimes come drifting along, striking the face like small hail.

When swallows fly low, just skimming the ground, it is supposed to be a sign of rain. During the frequent intervals of heavy, overcast weather, which have marked this summer, they might have been observed flying low for a week together without a spot of rain falling. Chilly air drives insects downward, and, indeed, paralyzes a great many of them altogether. It is a fall of temperature, and not wet, that makes the swallows chase their prey low down. Insects are not much afraid of rain if it is warm and soft, so that, in the midst of showers, if there is sunshine too, you may see the swallows high in the atmosphere. It is when they fly low, but just missing the grass, that their wonderful powers of flight appear. In the air above there are no obstacles, and, if you shoot an arrow, it travels to the end of its journey without let or hindrance; there are no streets there to turn corners, no narrow lanes, no trees or hedges. When the swallow comes down to the earth, his path is no longer that of

the immortals; his way is as the way of men, constantly obstructed, and made a thousandfold more difficult by the velocity of his passage. Imagine shooting an arrow from the strongest bow in such a manner that it might travel  
5 about seven inches above the ground — how far would it go before it would strike a tall buttercup, a wiry bennet, or stick into a slight rise of the turf? You must imagine it given the power to rise over hedges, to make short angles about buildings, slip between the trunks of trees, to  
10 avoid moving objects, as men or animals, not to come in contact with other animated arrows, and by some mysterious instinct to know what is or what is not out of sight on the other side of the wall. I was sitting on a log in the narrowest of narrow lanes, a hedge at the back,  
15 in front thick fir trees, whose boughs touched the ground, almost within reach, the lane being nothing more than a broader footpath. It was one of those overcast days when the shelter of the hedge and the furze was pleasant in July. Suddenly a swallow slid by me as it seemed  
20 underneath my very hands, so close to the ground that he almost traveled in the rut; the least movement on my part would have stopped him. Almost before I could lift my head he had reached the end of the lane, and rose over the gate into the road — not a moment's pause before he made that leap over the gate to see if there was a  
25 wagon or not in the way; a wagon load of hay would have blocked the road entirely. How did he know that a man or a horse would not step into his course at the instant he topped the bar?

30 A swallow never hesitates, never looks before he leaps, threads all day the eyes of needles, and goes on from half-

past two in the morning till ten at night without so much as disturbing a feather. He is the perfection of a machine for falling. His round nest is under the eaves, he throws himself out of window and begins to fall, and keeps on fall, fall, for twenty hours together. His head is bullet-shaped, his neck short, his body all thickened up to the shoulders, tailing out to the merest streak of feather. His form is like a plummet—he is not unlike the heavily weighted minnow used in trolling for pike. Before the bend of the firmly elastic rod the leaded minnow slides out through the air, running true and sinking without splash into the water. It is proportioned and weighted so that its flight, which is a long fall, may be smooth and perfectly under control. If wings could be put to the minnow, it would somewhat resemble the swallow. For the swallow is made to fall, and his wings to catch him, and by resisting his descent these outstretched planes lift him again into the sky. He does not fall perpendicularly; the angle of his fall is prolonged and very low, and the swifter he goes the more nearly it approximates to the horizontal. I think he goes swifter when flying just over the ground than when lounging in the easy hammock of the atmosphere. My swallow that came down the lane, in twenty yards opened his wings twenty times and checked his fall, almost grazing the earth, and imperceptibly rose a little, like a flat stone thrown by a boy, which suddenly runs up into the air at the end of its flight. He made no blow with his wings; they were simply put out to collect the air in the hollow of their curves, and to prolong his fall. Falling from morn till night, he throws himself on his way, a machine for turn-

ing gravity into a motive force. He fits to the circumstances of his flight as water fits to the circumstances of the vessel into which it is poured. No thought, no stop, no rest. If a wagon had been in the way, still he would  
 5 have got left or right through the very eye of the needle.

If a man had been passing, the rush of his wings would not have disturbed the light smoke from his cigar. Farther up the lane there are two gateways opposite without gates. Through these swallows are continually dashing,  
 10 and I have often felt, when coming up the lane, as if I must step on them, and half checked myself.

I might as well try to step on lightning. A swallow came over the sharp ridge of a slate roof and met a slight current of wind which blew against that side of the shed,  
 15 and rose up it. The bird remained there suspended with outstretched wings, resting on the up current as if the air had been solid, for some moments. He rode there at anchor in the air. So buoyant is the swallow that it is no more to him to fly than it is to the fish to swim ; and,  
 20 indeed, I think that a trout in a swift mountain stream needs much greater strength to hold himself in the rapid day and night without rest. The friction of the water is constant against him, and he never folds his fins and sleeps. The more I think, the more I am convinced that  
 25 the buoyancy of the air is very far greater than science admits, and under certain conditions it is superior to water as a supporting medium. Swift and mobile as is the swallow's wing, how much swifter and how much more mobile must be his eye ! This rapid and ever changing  
 30 course is not followed for pleasure as if it were a mazy dance. The whole time as he floats, and glides, and

wheels, his eye is intent on insects so small as to be invisible to us at a very short distance. These he gathers in the air, he sees what we cannot see, his eyes are to our eyes as his wings are to our limbs. If, still further, we were to consider the flow of the nerve force between the eye, the mind, and the wing, we should be face to face with problems which quite upset the ordinary ideas of matter as a solid thing. How is it that dull matter becomes thus inexpressibly sensitive? Is not the swallow's eye a miracle? Then his heart, for he sings as he flies; 10 he makes love and converses, and all as he rushes along — his hopes, his fears, his little store of knowledge, and his wonderful journey by and by to Africa. Remember, he carries his life in his wings as we should say in our hands, for if by chance he should strike a solid object, his great 15 speed renders the collision certain death. It stuns him, and, if he recovers from that his beak is usually broken so that he must starve. Happily such accidents are rare. The great rapidity of a bird's heart beating so fast seems to render it peculiarly susceptible to death from shock. 20 Great fright will sometimes kill a bird, as, for instance, when they have wandered inside a room and been thoughtlessly held in some one's hand. Without visible injury, the heart, after beating excessively violently, almost as rapidly slows, the nictitating membrane is drawn over the 25 eyes, the head falls to one side, and the bird becomes lifeless from nervous exhaustion. The beautiful swallows, be tender to them, for they symbol all that is best in nature and all that is best in our hearts.

**Cōpæ**: a group of young trees. **bōom'ēr āng**: a curious Australian missile weapon. It is a curved stick which, when skillfully thrown, describes remarkable curves, sometimes returning to the place from which it was thrown. **Plūm'mēt**: a piece of lead attached to a line and used in sounding the depth of water. **Nic'ti tā tīng mēm'brāne**: a thin membrane or skin found in many animals and birds at the inner angle or beneath the lower lid of the eye. It acts as a third eyelid.

## Sohrab and Rustum

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

Rustum was a semimythical Persian hero, and Sohrab was his son, whose existence had been concealed from the hero. Sohrab grew up and became a mighty warrior. Challenging the Persian champions to trial of arms, he was met by Rustum in disguise and was mortally wounded. He then proclaimed his parentage to his unhappy father, proving it by the impress of Rustum's own seal upon his arm.

“How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign  
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?”

He spoke : but Rustum gazed and gazed and stood  
Speechless ; and then he uttered one sharp cry —

5 “O boy — thy father !” and his voice choked there.

And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes

And his head swam and he sank down to earth.

But Sohrab crawled to where he lay and cast

His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,

10 And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,

Trying to call him back to life ; and life

Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes

And they stood wide with horror ; and he seized

In both his hands the dust which lay around,  
 And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair,  
 His hair and face and beard and glittering arms :  
 And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,  
 And his sobs choked him ; and he clutched his sword, 5  
 To draw it and forever let life out.

But Sohrab saw his thought and held his hands  
 And with a soothing voice he spake, and said :  
 " Father, forbear : for I but meet to-day  
 The doom which at my birth was written down 10  
 In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.  
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,  
 When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,  
 I know it : but Fate trod those promptings down  
 Under its iron heel ; Fate, Fate engaged 15  
 The strife and hurled me on my father's spear.  
 But let us speak no more of this : I find  
 My father ; let me feel that I have found.  
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take  
 My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks 20  
 And wash them with thy tears, and say, ' My son ! '  
 Quick ! quick ! for numbered are my sands of life,  
 And swift ; for like the lightning to this field  
 I came, and like the wind I go away —  
 Sudden and swift and like a passing wind. 25  
 But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."

So said he, and his voice released the heart  
 Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth ; he cast  
 His arms round his son's neck and wept aloud  
 And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts 30

When they saw Rustum's grief : and Ruksh, the horse,  
 With his head bowing to the ground, and mane  
 Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe  
 First to the one then to the other moved

- 5 His head, as if inquiring what their grief  
 Might mean ; and from his dark compassionate eyes  
 The big warm tears rolled down and caked the sand.  
 But Rustum chid him with stern voice and said :

- “ Ruksh, now thou grievest ; but, O Ruksh, thy feet  
 10 Should then have rotted on their nimble joints,  
 When first they bore thy master to this field.”

- But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said :  
 “ Is this, then, Ruksh ? How often in past days  
 My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,  
 15 My terrible father's terrible horse ! and said  
 That I should one day find thy lord and thee.  
 Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.  
 O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I ;  
 For thou hast gone where I shall never go,  
 20 And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.  
 And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,  
 And seen the river of Helmund and the lake  
 Of Zirrah ; and the aged Zal himself  
 Has often stroked thy neck and given thee food,  
 25 Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine,  
 And said, ‘ O Ruksh ! bear Rustum well ! ’ — but I  
 Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,  
 Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,  
 Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream :  
 30 But lodged among my father's foes, and seen  
 Afrasiab's cities only, Sarmakand,

Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,  
 And the black Toorkmun tents ; and only drunk  
 The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,  
 Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,  
 The northern Sir ; and this great Oxus stream, 5  
 The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed :  
 " Oh, that its waves were flowing over me !  
 Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt  
 Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head ! " 10

But, with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab replied :  
 " Desire not that, my father ; thou must live.  
 For some are born to do great deeds and live,  
 As some are born to be obscured and die.  
 Do thou the deeds I die too young to do 15  
 And reap a second glory in thine age.  
 Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.  
 But come : thou seest this great host of men  
 Which follow me ; I pray thee, slay not these :  
 Let me entreat for them : what have they done ? 20  
 They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.  
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.  
 But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,  
 But carry me with thee to Seïstan,  
 And place me on a bed and mourn for me, — 25  
 Thou and the snow-haired Zal and all thy friends.  
 And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,  
 And heap a stately mound above my bones,  
 And plant a far-seen pillar over all  
 That so the passing horseman on the waste 30

May see my tomb a great way off, and cry, —  
 ‘Sohrab, the mighty Rustum’s son, lies there,  
 Whom his great father did in ignorance kill !’ —  
 And I be not forgott’en in my grave.”

- 5       And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied :  
 “Fear not ; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,  
 So shall it be : for I will burn my tents  
 And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,  
 And carry thee away to Seïstan  
 10      And place thee on a bed and mourn for thee,  
 With the snow-headed Zal and all my friends.  
 And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,  
 And heap a stately mound above thy bones,  
 And plant a far-seen pillar over all :  
 15      And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.  
 And I will spare thy host ; yea, let them go :  
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.  
 What should I do with slaying any more ?  
 For would that all whom I have ever slain  
 20      Might be once more alive, — my bitterest foes,  
 And they who were called champions, in their time,  
 And through whose death I won that fame I have, —  
 And I were nothing but a common man,  
 A poor, mean soldier, and without renown ;  
 25      So thou mightest live too, my son, my son !  
 Or rather, would that I, even I myself,  
 Might now be lying on this bloody sand,  
 Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,  
 Not thou of mine ; and I might die, not thou ;  
 30      And I, not thou, be borne to Seïstan ;

And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine ;  
 And say, ' O son, I weep thee not too sore,  
 For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end !'  
 But now in blood and battles was my youth,  
 And full of blood and battles is my age, 5  
 And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied :  
 " A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man !  
 But thou shalt yet have peace ; only not now,  
 Not yet : but thou shalt have it on that day, 10  
 When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,  
 Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,  
 Returning home over the salt blue sea,  
 From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face and said : 15  
 " Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea !  
 Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke : and Sohrab smiled on him, and took  
 The spear and drew it from his side, and eased  
 His wound's imperious anguish : but the blood 20  
 Came welling from the open gash, and life  
 Flowed with the stream : all down his cold white side  
 The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soiled,  
 Like the soiled tissue of white violets  
 Left freshly gathered on their native bank, 25  
 By romping children, whom their nurses call  
 From the hot fields at noon : his head drooped low,  
 His limbs grew slack ; motionless, white, he lay —  
 White, with eyes closed ; only when heavy gasps,  
 Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame, 30

Convulsed him back to life, he opened them  
 And fixed them feebly on his father's face :  
 Till now all strength was ebbd and from his limbs  
 Unwillingly the spirit fled away,

- 5 Regretting the warm mansion which it left,  
 And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.  
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak -  
 Down o'er his face, and sat by his dead son.

- 10 As those black granite pillars, once high-reared  
 By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear  
 His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,  
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side, —  
 So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

- 15 And night came down over the solemn waste,  
 And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,  
 And darkened all ; and a cold fog with night  
 Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,  
 As of a great assembly loosed, and fires  
 20 Began to twinkle through the fog : for now  
 Both armies moved to camp and took their meal :  
 The Persians took it on the open sands  
 Southward ; the Tartars, by the river marge :  
 And Rustum and his son were left alone.

---

**Sē'ls tan** or **Sīs'tan**, a province, **Hēl'mund**, a river, and **Zir'rāh**,  
 a lake, in Afghanistan, where Rustum had extensive posses-  
 sions granted him by the Persian monarch. **Zāl**: a Persian  
 hero, the father of Rustum. **Āf rā'sī āb**: a semifabulous king  
 of Persia, the enemy of Rustum. **Tōork'mun**: a tribe inhabiting

a region east of the Caspian Sea. **Mōōr'ghab**, **Tè jend'** (**yënd**), and **Kò hik'**: rivers of Turkestan. **Kāl'mūcks**: nomadic tribes of the Mongolian race inhabiting parts of Russia and China. **Sir** or **Sŷr-Dār'ia** (**yä**) and **Öx'ūs** or **Ä mü'-Dār'ia** (**yä**): rivers in Turkestan. **Kai K/hōs'rōō**: the Persian name of Cyrus the Great, the greatest of Persian kings, who lived in the sixth century before Christ. **Jēm'shīd**: an ancient king of Persia, who greatly improved and embellished **Pēr sēp'ō līs**, an ancient Persian city now in ruins.

---

## Vindication of Ireland

By R. L. SHEIL

Richard Lalor Sheil (1793–1851): An Irish orator and patriot. Besides eloquent speeches in parliament he was the author of several popular dramas and "Sketches of the Irish Bar."

This extract is from a speech on the Irish Municipal Bill, delivered in the House of Commons, February 22, 1837.

There is, however, one man of great abilities, not a member of this house, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party, who — disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country, abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives — distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privilege as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created,

in race, identity, and religion, to be aliens, to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion.

Aliens ! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold ! I have seen the aliens do their duty" ? The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved ; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen — for we are his countrymen — designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply — I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable, from Assaye to Waterloo, the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before ? What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats at Badajos ? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory, Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest.

Tell me, for you were there — I appeal to the gallant

soldier before me, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast ; tell me, for you must needs remember, — on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, when death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was leveled with a precision of the most deadly science, when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset, — tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, if the 10 “aliens” blenched ?

And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose, when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault, tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe ? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When 20 the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together ; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited, the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust, the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the 25 glory shall we not be permitted to participate ; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our lifeblood was poured out ?

---

**One man :** Lord Lyndhurst, a celebrated English statesman, who had made a speech in the House of Lords bringing charges

against the Irish which Sheil repels in this speech. **Arthur, Duke of Wellington** (1769–1846): one of the most distinguished English generals and statesmen, under whom many gallant Irish soldiers served. **From Ās sa' (sī) ye to Wa'tēr lōō**: at Assaye, in India, in 1803, the Duke of Wellington, then Major General Wellesley, gained a decisive victory over the Mahrattas, and his career of victory continued through Indian, Portuguese, Spanish, and French campaigns, until it was crowned in 1815 at Waterloo by his signal defeat of the French forces under Napoleon. **Vim l e'rā**, in Portugal; **Bād a jos' (hōs)**, **Sāl-ā măn'cā**, and **Āl bu e'rā**, in Spain; and **Tou loue'**, in France: scenes of Wellington's victories. **The greatest**: Waterloo. **The gallant soldier**: Sir Henry Hardinge, an English officer who served with distinction under Wellington. **Words familiar but immortal**: "Up guards, and at them!"—Wellington's charge to his forces at Waterloo.

---

## Cairo Fifty Years Ago

BY E. B. G. WARBURTON

Eliot Bartholomew George Warburton (1810–1852): An Irish writer. His most popular work is "The Crescent and the Cross," from which is taken this account of a visit to Cairo. Warburton wrote a history of "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers" and "Memoirs of Horace Walpole."

Morning found us anchored off Boulak, the port of Cairo. Toward the river it is faced by factories and storehouses; within you find yourself in a labyrinth of brown, narrow streets, that resemble rather rifts in some mud mountain than anything with which architecture has had to do. Yet here and there the blankness of the walls is broken and varied by richly worked lattices and specimens of arabesque masonry. Gaudy bazaars strike the

eye and relieve the gloom, and the picturesque population that swarms everywhere keeps the interest awake.

On emerging from the lanes of Boulak, Cairo, grand Cairo ! opens on the view ; and never yet did fancy flash upon the poet's eye a more superb illusion of power and beauty than the "city of victory" presents from a distance.

The bold range of the Mokattam Mountains is purpled by the rising sun ; its craggy summits are cut clearly out against the glowing sky as it runs like a promontory into a sea of the richest verdure, here wavy with a breezy plantation of olives, there darkened with acacia groves.

Just where the mountain sinks into the plain the citadel stands upon its last eminence ; and, widely spread beneath it, lies the city, a forest of minarets, with palm trees intermingled, and the domes of innumerable mosques rising like enormous bubbles over the sea of houses.

Here and there richly green gardens are islanded within that sea, and the whole is girt round with picturesque towers and ramparts, occasionally revealed through vistas of the wood of sycamores and fig trees that surround it. It has been said that "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain," but here they seem commingled with the happiest effect.

The approach to Cairo is a spacious avenue lined with the olive or the sycamore ; here and there the white marble of a fountain gleams through the foliage or a palm tree waves its plummy head above the saint's tomb.

Along this highway a masquerading-looking crowd is swarming towards the city ; ladies wrapped closely in white veils, women of the lower class carrying water on

their heads and covered only with a long blue garment. There are camels perched upon by black slaves, magpied with white napkins round their heads and loins ; there are portly merchants with turbans and long pipes, gravely  
 5 smoking on their knowing-looking donkeys ; here an Arab dashes through the crowd at full gallop, or a European, still more haughtily, shoves aside the pompous-looking bearded throng. Water carriers, calenders, Armenians, barbers — all the *dramatis personæ* of the Arabian Nights  
 10 are there.

And now we reach the city wall, with its towers as strong as mud can make them. It must not be supposed that this mud architecture is of the same nature as one associates with the word in Europe. No ! overshadowed  
 15 by palm trees, and a crimson banner with its star and crescent waving from the battlements, and camels couched beneath its shade, and swarthy Egyptians in many-colored robes reposing in every niche, a mud wall appears a very respectable fortification in this land of illusion.

20 And now we are within the city ! Protean powers ! What a change ! A labyrinth of dark, filthy, intricate lanes and alleys, in which every smell and sight from which the nose and eye revolt meet one at every turn, — and one is always turning. The stateliest streets are not  
 25 above twelve feet wide ; and as the upper stories arch over them toward one another, only a narrow serpentine seam of blue sky appears between the toppling verandas of the winding streets.

Occasionally a string of camels, bristling with fagots  
 30 of firewood, sweeps the street effectually of their passengers ; lean, mangy dogs are continually running between

your legs, which afford a tempting passage in this petticoated place ; beggars in rags are lying in every corner of the street ; now a bridal or a religious procession squeezes along, with music that might madden a drummer ; now the running footmen of some bey or pasha endeavor to jostle you toward the wall, unless they recognize you as an Englishman — one of that race whom they think the devil can't frighten or teach manners to.

Notwithstanding all these annoyances, however, the streets of Cairo present a source of unceasing amusement and curiosity to the stranger. It has not so purely an Oriental character as Damascus, but the intermixture of Europeans gives it a character of its own, and affords far wider scope for adventure than the secluded and solemn capital of Syria.

15

The bazaars are very vivid and varied, and each is devoted to a peculiar class of commodities ; thus you have the Turkish, the Persian, the Frank bazaars ; the armorers', the weavers', the jewelers' quarters. These bazaars are for the most part covered in, and there is a cool and quiet gloom about them which is very refreshing.

There is also an air of profound repose in the turbaned merchants as they sit cross-legged on their counters, embowered by the shawls and silks of India and Persia ; they look as if they were forever sitting for their portraits, and seldom move a muscle, unless it be to breathe a cloud of smoke from their bearded lips or to turn their vivid eyes upon some expected customer — those eyes that seem to be the only living part of their countenances.

30

These bazaars have each a ponderous chain hung across

the entrance, to prevent the precipitate departure of any thief that may presume too far upon the listlessness of the shopkeeper; each lane and alley is also terminated by a door, which is guarded at night. In passing along these narrow lanes, you might suppose yourself in a gallery or corridor, but that ever and anon you meet a file of donkeys, or a patrol of soldiers staggering along their slippery paths.

If you make a purchase of any value, your merchant will probably offer you a pipe and make room for you to seat yourself on his counter. If you are sufficiently citizen of the world to accept the hospitality, you will be repaid by a very pleased look on the part of your host and a pipe of such tobacco as only these squatters of the East can procure.

The curious and varied drama of Oriental life is acted before you, as you tranquilly puff away and add to the almost imperceptible yet fragrant cloud that fills the bazaar. Now, by your host's order, a little slave presents you with a tiny cup of rich coffee, and you raise your hand to your head as you accept it; your entertainer repeats the gesture and mutters a prayer for your health.

Let us purchase an embroidered vest or a silk scarf from the venerable Abou Habib, for the sake of his snow-white beard and turban. He makes a movement as if to rise, of which there is as little chance as of the sun at midnight; he points to the carpet on which he "hopes to Allah that your beneficent shadow may fall."

You ascend his counter, and sit down in the place in the attitude of a tailor, with perfect gravity. Your dragoman

lounges at the door to explain the sights that pass in the streets or the sounds that issue from the lips of your entertainer. Conversation is not considered a necessary part of a visit or of agreeableness; and if you will only stay quiet and look pleased, you may pass for a very entertaining 5 person. You have, therefore, full leisure for observation, while you are enjoying society in true Oriental style.

In the absence of any claim on our ears, let us use our eyes and look about us. A house is being rebuilt nearly opposite; masons in turbans and long blue chemises and 10 red slippers down at the heel are engaged, as if in pantomime, with much gesticulation, but little effect. A score of children are carrying bricks and mortar in little hand-fuls, chanting a measured song, as if to delude themselves into the idea that they are at play. 15

Now, a dervish, naked except for a small cloth or a bit of sheepskin round his loins, presents himself, claiming rather than asking alms. The wild, fierce eyes, in which the gleaming of insanity conveys his title to your forbearance and to the Moslem's reverence — the long, matted, 20 filthy hair, falling over his naked, sun-scorched shoulders, and the savage gluttony, proclaim his calling something between a friar and a saint of Islam.

Here is a water carrier with his jar of cool sherbet, adorned with fresh flowers; he tinkles little brazen 25 saucers to announce his progress, and receives half a farthing for each draught. There is a beggar devouring his crust, but religiously leaving a portion of it in some clean spot for the wild dogs. Now an old man stoops to pick up a piece of paper, and to put it by, 30 "lest," says he, "the name of God be written on it, and it be defiled."

Here is a lady mounted on her donkey and attended by her slave; she might seem to be a mere bundle of linen but that a pair of brilliant eyes relieve the ghastly appearance that would figure excellently well in a tableau as an Irish banshee.

All these and a thousand other quaint personages are perpetually passing and repassing, with hand upon the heart as they meet an acquaintance, or on the head if they meet a superior. But it is time to return About 10 Habib's richly mounted pipe, to lay our hands upon our heart, and to pursue our researches through the city.

The most interesting building in Cairo is undoubtedly the citadel, which overlooks the city. Here are the remains of Saladin's palace and the commencement of a 15 magnificent mosque, from the terraced roof of which there is perhaps the finest view in the world. All Lower Egypt lies spread out, as in a map, before you — one great emerald set in the golden desert, bossed with the mountains that surround it..

---

**Ār ā besque'** (bēsk): a style of ornamental work used in Arabic decorative art, either painted, inlaid, or carved, in which plants, fruits, foliage, and figures are curiously blended. **Māg'pied**: like magpies, colored black and white. **Cāl'ēn dēra**: Eastern dervishes or monks. **Drām'ā tīs pēr sō'naē**: characters in a drama or play. **Star and crescent**: the national emblems of Egypt represented on its flag. **Prō'tē an**: variable; of or characteristic of Proteus, a sea god who was able to assume different shapes at will. **Bey**: a governor of a province in Turkey. **Pāshā'**: a Turkish officer of high rank. **Drāg'ō man**: interpreter — so called in the East. **Ī'lām**: the Mohammedan people or country; the Mohammedan religion. *Islam* is an

Arabic word meaning submission, and it was applied to the Mohammedan religion because it inculcated perfect submission to the will of God. **Bān'shēe**: a supernatural being supposed by the Scotch and Irish peasantry to warn persons of their approaching death. **Sāl'a dīn** (1137-1194?): a brave and powerful sultan of Egypt and Syria, who was the opponent of the Christian powers engaged in the third crusade.

### She walks in Beauty

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824): An English poet. His early poems possessed little merit, and his first work of importance was "Childe Harold," published in 1812, which won instant popularity. As he said, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." He wrote "The Giaour," "Don Juan," "Mazeppa," "The Prisoner of Chillon," several dramatic poems, and many shorter poems.

She walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :  
 Thus mellowed to that tender light  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

5

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impaired the nameless grace  
 Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
 How pure, how dear, their dwelling place,

10

And on that cheek and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 5 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent !

---

### A Formidable Vassal

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) : A Scotch novelist and poet. Several selections from his poems and historical romances have been given in former books of this series, and a sketch of his life will be found in Book Five.

This selection is from "Quentin Durward," the scene of which is laid in France during the reign of the crafty and powerful Louis XI. (1423-1483). This extract describes the banquet on the occasion of Louis's visit in 1468 to his powerful vassal, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and the interruption of the feast by the tidings of the insurrection of the Liègeois. Scott departs from historical fact in assigning this as the date of the murder of Louis de Bourbon, Bishop of Liège. He was made prisoner by the insurgents, but his murder did not take place until the insurrection of 1482.

Louis's agents had led the people of Liège to rebel against their lord, Duke Charles, but they rose more promptly than the king had anticipated, and thus the news of their insurrection reached Duke Charles just at the time when Louis had placed himself so unguardedly in his vassal's power. Charles, deeply resenting Louis's treachery, imprisoned him in the castle of Peronne while he deliberated whether he should put him to death. Louis remained three days in this precarious situation, and then, by the intervention of Duke Charles's courtiers, his life was spared and he was required to lead his troops against the mutineers whom he had instigated.

## I

King Louis found a banquet prepared with such a profusion of splendor and magnificence, as became the wealth of his formidable vassal, possessed as he was of almost all the Low Countries, then the richest portion of Europe. At the head of the long board, which groaned 5 under plate of gold and silver, filled to profusion with the most exquisite dainties, sat the duke, and on his right hand, upon a seat more elevated than his own, was placed his royal guest. Behind him stood Le Glorieux, his jester, without whom he seldom stirred. 10

To this personage Charles, and Louis in imitation of his host, often addressed themselves during the entertainment; and both seemed to manifest, by hearty laughter, their amusement at the answers of Lè Glorieux.

"Whose seats be those that are vacant?" said Charles 15 to the jester.

"One of those at least should be mine by right of succession, Charles," replied Le Glorieux.

"Why so, knave?" said Charles.

"Because they belong to the Sieur D'Hymbercourt and 20 De Comines, who are gone so far to fly their falcons, that they have forgot their supper. They who would rather look at a kite on the wing than a pheasant on the board are of kin to the fool, and he should succeed to the stools as a part of their movable estate." 25

"That is but a stale jest, my friend Tiel," said the duke; "but, fools or wise men, here come the defaulters."

As he spoke, Comines and D'Hymbercourt entered the room, and, having made their reverence to the two

princes, assumed in silence the seats which were left vacant for them.

“What ho! sirs,” exclaimed the duke, addressing them, “your sport has either been very good or very bad, to lead you so far and so late. Sir Philip de Comines, you are dejected; hath D’Hymbercourt won so heavy a wager on you? You are a philosopher, and should not grieve at bad fortune. By St. George! D’Hymbercourt looks as sad as thou dost. How now, sirs? Have you found  
10 no game? or have you lost your falcons? or has a witch crossed your way? or has the Wild Huntsman met you in the forest? By my honor, you seem as if you were come to a funeral, not a festival.”

While the duke spoke, the eyes of the company were  
15 all directed toward D’Hymbercourt and De Comines; and the embarrassment and dejection of their countenances, neither being of that class of persons to whom such expressions of anxious melancholy were natural, became so remarkable that the mirth and laughter of the company was  
20 gradually hushed; and without being able to assign any reason for such a change in their spirits, men spoke in whispers to each other, as on the eve of expecting some strange and important tidings.

“What means this silence, messires?” said the duke, elevating his voice, which was naturally harsh. “If you bring these strange looks and this stranger silence into festivity, we shall wish you had abode in the marshes seeking for herons, or rather for woodcocks and howlets.”

“My gracious lord,” said De Comines, “as we were  
30 about to return hither from the forest we met the Count of Crèvecœur.”

"How!" said the duke; "already returned from Brabant? but he found all well there doubtless!"

"The count himself will presently give your grace an account of his news," said D'Hymbercourt, "which we have heard but imperfectly." 5

"Body of me! where is the count?" said the duke.

"He changes his dress, to wait upon your highness," answered D'Hymbercourt.

"His dress?" exclaimed the impatient prince, "what care I for his dress? I think you have conspired with 10 him to drive me mad!"

"Or rather, to be plain," said De Comines, "he wishes to communicate these news at a private audience."

"My lord king," said Charles, "this is ever the way our counselors serve us. If they have got hold of aught which 15 they consider as important for our ear, they look as grave upon the matter, and are as proud of their burden as an ass of a new packsaddle. Some one bid Crèveœur come to us directly! He comes from the frontiers of Liège, and we, at least," — he laid some emphasis on the pronoun, — 20 "have no secrets in that quarter which we would shun to have proclaimed before the assembled world."

All perceived that the duke had drunk so much wine as to increase the native obstinacy of his disposition; and though many would willingly have suggested that the 25 present was neither a time for hearing news nor for taking counsel, yet all knew the impetuosity of his temper too well to venture on further interference, and sat in anxious expectation of the tidings which the count might have to communicate. 30

A brief interval intervened, during which the duke

remained looking eagerly to the door as if in a transport of impatience, whilst the guests sat with their eyes bent on the table, as if to conceal their curiosity and anxiety. Louis alone, maintaining perfect composure, continued his conversation alternately with the grand carver and with the jester.

At length Crèvecœur entered, and was presently saluted by the hurried questions of his master. "What news from Liège and Brabant, Sir Count? The report of  
10 your arrival has chased mirth from our table, we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us."

"My liege and master," answered the count, in a firm, but melancholy tone, "the news which I bring you are fitter for the council board than the feasting table."

15 "Out with them, man," said the duke; "but I can guess them — the Liègeois are again in mutiny."

"They are, my lord," said Crèvecœur, very gravely.

"Look, there, man," said the duke; "I have hit at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me  
20 — the hair-brained burghers are again in arms. It could not be in better time, for we may at present have the advice of our own suzerain," bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed resentment, "to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt  
25 with. Hast thou more news in thy packet? Out with them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the bishop."

"My lord, the further tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflicting to you to hear. No aid of mine or  
30 of living chivalry could have availed the excellent prelate.

William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liègeois,

has taken his castle of Schonwaldt and murdered him in his own hall.”

“Murdered him !” repeated the duke, in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other ; “thou hast been imposed upon, Crèvecœur, by some wild report — it is impossible ! ”

“Alas, my lord !” said the count, “I have it from an eyewitness, an archer of the king of France’s Scottish Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de La March’s order.”

“And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege !” exclaimed the duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury that he dashed in pieces the footstool which was placed before him. “Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen ; secure the windows : let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death ! Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords.” And turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon, while the king, without either showing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said, “These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason.”

“No !” replied the duke, in a terrible tone, “but they have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be stifled by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother ! rebel against thy parent ! tyrant over thy subjects ! treacherous ally ! perjured king ! dishonored gentleman ! thou art in my power and I thank God for it !”

“Rather thank my folly,” said the king ; “for when

we met on equal terms at Montl'héry, methinks you wished yourself farther from me than we are now."

The duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon, or to strike a foe who offered no sort of resistance which could in any wise provoke violence.

Meanwhile, wild and general confusion spread itself through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded by the order of the duke; but several of the 10 French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats and prepared for the defense of their sovereign. The voice of Dunois was heard above the tumult addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy: "Sir Duke, you have forgotten that you are a vassal of France and that 15 we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand against our monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair; for, credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine. Courage, my lord of Orleans,—and you, gentlemen of 20 France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does!"

It was in that moment when a king might see upon what tempers he could certainly rely. The few independent nobles and knights who attended Louis, most of whom 25 had only received from him frowns or discountenance, unappalled by the display of infinitely superior force and the certainty of destruction in case they came to blows, hastened to array themselves around Dunois, and, led by him, to press toward the head of the table where the con- 30 tending princes were seated.

On the contrary, the tools and agents whom Louis had

dragged forward out of their fitting and natural places into importance which was not due to them showed cowardice and cold heart, and, remaining still in their seats, seemed resolved not to provoke their fate by intermeddling, whatever might become of their benefactor. 5

The first of the more generous party was the venerable Lord Crawford, who, with an agility which no one would have expected at his years, forced his way through all opposition — which was the less violent as many of the Burgundians, either from a point of honor or a secret 10 inclination to prevent Louis's impending fate, gave way to him — and threw himself boldly between the king and the duke. He then placed his bonnet, from which his white hair escaped in disheveled tresses, upon one side of his head, his pale cheek and withered brow colored, and 15 his aged eye lightened with all the fire of a gallant who is about to dare some desperate action. His cloak was flung over one shoulder, and his action intimated his readiness to wrap it about his left arm, while he unsheathed his sword with his right. 20

“I have fought for his father and his grandsire,” that was all he said, “and, by St. Andrew, end the matter as it will, I will not fail him at this pinch.”

What has taken some time to narrate, happened, in fact, with the speed of light ; for so soon as the duke assumed 25 his threatening posture, Crawford had thrown himself betwixt him and the object of his vengeance ; and the French gentlemen, drawing together as fast as they could, were crowding to the same point.

## II

The duke of Burgundy still remained with his hand on his sword, and seemed in the act of giving the signal for a general onset which must necessarily have ended in the massacre of the weaker party, when Crèvecœur rushed  
5 forward, and exclaimed, in a voice like a trumpet ; “ My liege lord of Burgundy, beware what you do ! This is your hall, you are the king’s vassal, do not spill the blood of your guest on your hearth, the blood of your sovereign on the throne you have erected for him and to which he  
10 came under your safeguard. For the sake of your house’s honor, do not attempt to revenge one horrid murder by another yet worse ! ”

“ Out of my road, Crèvecœur,” answered the duke, “ and let my vengeance pass ! Out of my path ! The  
15 wrath of kings is to be dreaded like that of Heaven.”

“ Only when, like that of Heaven, it is just,” answered Crèvecœur, firmly. “ Let me pray of you, my lord, to rein the violence of your temper, however justly offended. And for you, my lords of France, where resistance is  
20 unavailing, let me recommend you to forbear whatever may lead toward bloodshed.”

“ He is right,” said Louis, whose coolness forsook him not in that dreadful moment, and who easily foresaw that, if a brawl should commence, more violence would be dared  
25 and done in the heat of blood than was likely to be attempted if peace was preserved. “ My cousin Orleans, kind Dunois, and you, my trusty Crawford, bring not on ruin and bloodshed by taking offense too hastily. Our cousin, the duke, is chafed at the tidings of the death of a

near and loving friend, the venerable bishop of Liège, whose slaughter we lament as he does. Ancient and, unhappily, recent subjects of jealousy lead him to suspect us of having abetted a crime which our bosom abhors. Should our host murder us on the spot — us, his king and 5 his kinsman — under a false impression of our being accessory to this unhappy accident, our fate will be little lightened, but on the contrary, greatly aggravated by your stirring. Therefore, stand back, Crawford; were it my last word I speak as a king to his officer, and demand 10 obedience. Stand back, and, if it is required, yield up your sword. I command you to do so and your oath obliges you to obey.”

“True, true, my lord,” said Crawford, stepping back and returning to the sheath the blade he had half drawn. 15 “It may be all very true; but by my honor, if I were at the head of threescore and ten of my brave fellows instead of being loaded with more than the like number of years, I would try whether I could have some reason out of these fine gallants, with their golden chains and looped-up bon- 20 nets, with braw warld dyes and devices on them.”

The duke stood with his eyes fixed on the ground for a considerable space, and then said, with bitter irony: “Crèveœur, you say well; and it concerns our honor, that our obligations to this great king, our honored and 25 loving guest, be not so hastily adjusted, as in our hasty anger we had at first proposed. We will so act that all Europe shall acknowledge the justice of our proceedings. Gentlemen of France, you must render up your arms to my officers. Your master has broken the truce, and has 30 no title to take further benefit of it. In compassion, how-

ever, to your sentiments of honor, and in respect to the rank which he hath disgraced and the race from which he hath degenerated, we ask not our cousin Louis's sword."

"Not one of us," said Dunois, "will resign our weapons or quit this hall, unless we are assured of at least our king's safety in life and limb."

"Nor will a man of the Scottish Guard," exclaimed Crawford, "lay down his arms save at the command of the king of France or his High Constable."

10 "Brave Dunois," said Louis, "and you, my trusty Crawford, your zeal will do me injury instead of benefit. I trust," he added with dignity, "in my rightful cause more than in a vain resistance, which would but cost the lives of my best and bravest. Give up your swords.  
15 The noble Burgundians who accept such honorable pledges will be more able than you are to protect both you and me. Give up your swords. It is I who command you."

It was thus that, in this dreadful emergency, Louis showed the promptitude of decision and clearness of judgment which alone could have saved his life. He was  
20 aware that, until actual blows were exchanged, he should have the assistance of most of the nobles present to moderate the fury of their prince; but that, were a *mêlée* once commenced, he himself and his few adherents must  
25 be instantly murdered. At the same time, his worst enemies confessed that his demeanor had in it nothing either of meanness or cowardice. He shunned to aggravate into frenzy the wrath of the duke; but he neither deprecated nor seemed to fear it, and continued to look  
30 on him with the calm and fixed attention with which a brave man eyes the menacing gestures of a lunatic, whilst

conscious that his own steadiness and composure operate as an insensible and powerful check on the rage even of insanity.

Crawford, at the king's command, threw his sword to Crèveœur, saying, "Take it! It is no dishonor to the rightful owner who yields it, for we have had no fair play."

"Hold, gentlemen," said the duke, in a broken voice, as one whom passion had almost deprived of utterance, "retain your swords; it is sufficient you promise not to use them. And you, Louis of Valois, must regard yourself as my prisoner, until you are cleared of having abetted sacrilege and murder. — Have him to the castle, have him to Earl Herbert's Tower. Let him have six gentlemen of his train to attend him, such as he shall choose. My Lord of Crawford, your guard must leave the castle, and shall be honorably quartered elsewhere. — Up with every drawbridge and down with every portcullis; let the gates of the town be trebly guarded; draw the floating bridge to the right-hand side of the river; bring round the castle my band of Black Walloons, and treble the sentinels on every post! You, D'Hymbercourt, look that patrols of horse and foot make the round of the town every half hour during the night, and every hour during the next day, if indeed such ward shall be necessary after daybreak, for it is like we may be sudden in this matter. Look to the person of Louis, as you love your life!"

He started from the table in fierce and moody haste, darted a glance of mortal enmity at the king, and rushed out of the apartment.

“Sirs,” said the king, looking with dignity around him, “grief for the death of his ally hath made your prince frantic. I trust you know better your duty as knights and noblemen than to abet him in his treasonable violence  
5 against the person of his liege lord.”

At this moment was heard in the streets the sound of drums beating and horns blowing, to call out the soldiery in every direction.

“We are,” said Crèvecœur, who acted as the marshal  
10 of the duke’s household, “subjects of Burgundy, and must do our duty as such. Our hopes and prayers and our efforts will not be wanting to bring about peace and union between your majesty and our liege lord. Meantime, we must obey his commands. These other lords and knights  
15 will be proud to contribute to the convenience of the illustrious duke of Orleans, of the brave Dunois, and the stout Lord Crawford. I myself must be your majesty’s chamberlain, and bring you to your apartments in other guise than would be my desire, remembering the hospital-  
20 ity of Plessis. You have only to choose your attendants, whom the duke’s commands limit to six.”

“Then,” said the king, looking around him and thinking for a moment, “I desire the attendance of Oliver le Dain, of a private of my Life Guard called Balafré, who  
25 may be unarmed if you will, of Tristan L’Hermite, with two of his people, and my right loyal and trusty philosopher, Martius Galeotti.”

“Your majesty’s will shall be complied with in all points,” said the Count de Crèvecœur.

30 “Forward, then, to the new abode, which the hospitality of our cousin provides for us,” said the king. “We know

it is strong, and have only to hope it may be in a corresponding degree safe."

"Heard you the choice which King Louis has made of his attendants?" said Le Glorieux to Count Crèveœur. apart, as they followed Louis from the hall. 5

"Surely, my merry gossip," replied the count. "What hast thou to object to them?"

"Nothing, nothing, only they are a rare election! A barber, a Scottish hired cut-throat, a chief hangman and his two assistants, and a thieving charlatan. I will along 10 with you, Crèveœur, and take a lesson in the degrees of roguery, from observing your skill in marshaling them."

Accordingly, the all-licensed jester, seizing the count's arm familiarly, began to march along with him while, 15 under a strong guard yet forgetting no semblance of respect, he conducted the king towards his new apartment.

### III

Forty men-at-arms carrying alternately naked swords and blazing torches served as the escort, or rather the 20 guard, of King Louis from the town hall of Peronne to the castle; and as he entered within its darkness and gloomy strength, it seemed as if a voice screamed in his ear that warning which the Florentine has inscribed over the portal of the infernal regions, "Leave all hope 25 behind!"

At that moment, perhaps, some feeling of remorse might have crossed the king's mind, had he thought on the hundreds, nay, thousands, whom, without cause or on light

suspicion, he had committed to the abysses of his dungeons, deprived of all hope of liberty, and loathing even the life to which they clung by animal instinct.

The broad glare of the torches outfacing the pale moon, which was more obscured on this than on the former night, and the red smoky light which they dispersed around the ancient buildings, gave a darker shade to that huge donjon called the Earl Herbert's Tower.

The seneschal, hastily summoned, was turning with laborious effort the ponderous key which opened the reluctant gate of the huge Gothic keep, and was at last fain to call for the assistance of one of Crèveœur's attendants. When they had succeeded, six men entered with torches and showed the way through a narrow and winding passage, commanded at different points by shot holes from vaults and casements constructed behind and in the thickness of the massive walls. At the end of this passage arose a stair of corresponding rudeness consisting of huge blocks of stone roughly dressed with the hammer, and of unequal height. Having mounted this ascent, a strong iron-clenched door admitted them to what had been the great hall of the donjon, lighted but very faintly even during the daytime — for the apertures, diminished in appearance by the excessive thickness of the walls, resembled slits rather than windows — and now, but for the blaze of the torches, almost perfectly dark. Two or three bats and other birds of evil presage, roused by the unusual glare, flew against the lights and threatened to extinguish them; while the seneschal formally apologized to the king that the state hall had not been put in order, such was the hurry of the notice sent to him; and adding, that, in



"The seneschal formally apologized to the king"

truth, the apartment had not been in use for twenty years and rarely before that time, so far as ever he had heard, since the time of King Charles the Simple.

“King Charles the Simple!” echoed Louis; “I know  
5 the history of the tower now. He was here murdered by his treacherous vassal, Herbert, Earl of Vermandois, so say our annals. I knew there was something concerning the castle of Peronne which dwelt on my mind, though I could not recall the circumstance. Here, then, my predecessor was slain?”

“Not here, not exactly here, and please your majesty,” said the old seneschal, stepping with the eager haste of a cicerone who shows the curiosities of such a place; “not  
15 here, but in the side chamber a little onward, which opens from your majesty’s bedchamber.”

He hastily opened a wicket at the upper end of the hall, which led into a bedchamber, small, as is usual in such old buildings; but, even for that reason, rather more comfortable than the waste hall through which they had  
20 passed. Some hasty preparations had been here made for the king’s accommodation. Arras had been tacked up, a fire lighted in the rusty grate, which had been long unused, and a pallet laid down for those gentlemen who were to pass the night in his chamber, as was then usual.

25 “We will get beds in the hall for the rest of your attendants,” said the garrulous old man; “but we have had such brief notice, if it please your majesty. And if it please your majesty to look upon this little wicket behind the arras, it opens into the little old cabinet in the thickness  
30 of the wall, where Charles was slain; and there is a secret passage from below which admitted the men who

were to deal with him. And your majesty, whose eyesight I hope is better than mine, may see the blood still on the oak floor, though the thing was done five hundred years ago."

While he thus spoke, he kept fumbling to open the postern of which he spoke, until the king said, "Forbear, old man, forbear but a little while, when thou mayest have a newer tale to tell, and fresher blood to show. My lord of Crèvecœur, what say you?"

"I can but answer, sire, that these two interior apartments are as much at your majesty's disposal as those in your own castle at Plessis, and that Crèvecœur, a name never blackened by treachery or assassination, has the guard of the exterior defences of it."

"But the private passage into that closet, of which the old man speaks?" This King Louis said in a low and anxious tone, holding Crèvecœur's arm fast with one hand and pointing to the wicket door with the other.

"It must be some dream of Mornay's," said Crèvecœur, "or some old and absurd tradition of the place, but we will examine."

He was about to open the closet door when Louis answered; "No, Crèvecœur, no. Your honor is sufficient warrant. But what will your duke do with me, Crèvecœur? He cannot hope to keep me long a prisoner; and—in short, give me your opinion, Crèvecœur."

"My lord and sire," said the count, "how the duke of Burgundy must resent this horrible cruelty on the person of his near relative and ally, is for your majesty to judge; and what right he may have to consider it as instigated by your majesty's emissaries, you only can know. But

my master is noble in his disposition, and made incapable, even by the very strength of his passions, of any under-hand practices. Whatever he does will be done in the face of day and of the two nations. And I can but add  
 5 that it will be the wish of every counselor around him, excepting perhaps one, that he should behave in this matter with mildness and generosity as well as justice."

"Ah! Crèveœur," said Louis, taking his hand as if affected by some painful recollections, "how happy is the  
 10 prince who has counselors near him, who can guard him against the effects of his own angry passions! Their names will be read in golden letters when the history of his reign is perused. Noble Crèveœur, had it been my lot to have such as thou art about my person!"

15 "It had in that case been your majesty's study to have got rid of them as fast as you could," said Le Glorieux.

"Aha! Sir Wisdom, art thou there?" said Louis, turning round and instantly changing the pathetic tone in which he had addressed Crèveœur, and adopting with  
 20 facility one which had a turn of gayety in it, "hast thou followed us hither?"

"Aye, sir," answered Le Glorieux. "Wisdom must follow in motley where Folly leads the way in purple."

"How shall I construe that, Sir Solomon?" answered  
 25 Louis. "Wouldst thou change conditions with me?"

"Not I, by my halidom," quoth Le Glorieux, "if you would give me fifty crowns to boot."

"Why, wherefore so? Methinks I could be well enough contented, as princes go, to have thee for my king."

30 "Aye, sire," replied Le Glorieux; "but the question is, whether, judging of your majesty's wit from its having

lodged you here, I should not have cause to be ashamed of having so dull a fool."

"Peace, sirrah !" said the Count of Crèveceur, "your tongue runs too fast."

"Let it take its course," said the king ; "I know of 5 no such fair subject of raillery, as the follies of those who should know better. Here, my sagacious friend, take this purse of gold, and with it the advice never to be so great a fool as to deem yourself wiser than other people. Prithee, do me so much favor as to inquire after my 10 astrologer, Martius Galeotti, and send him hither to me presently."

"I will, without fail, my liege," answered the jester.

"Let me pray for free entrance for this learned person through your guards, signior de Crèveceur," said Louis. 15

"For his entrance, unquestionably," answered the count ; "but it grieves me to add that my instructions do not authorize me to permit any one to quit your majesty's apartments. I wish your majesty a good night," he subjoined, "and will presently make such arrangements in 20 the outer hall as may put the gentlemen who are to inhabit it more at their ease."

"Give yourself no trouble for them, Sir Count," replied the king ; "they are men accustomed to set hardships at defiance ; and, to speak truth, excepting that I wish to 25 see Galeotti, I would desire as little further communication from without this night as may be consistent with your instructions."

"These are, to leave your majesty," replied Crèveceur, "undisputed possession of your own apartments. Such 30 are my master's orders."

"Your master, Count Crèvecœur," answered Louis, "whom I may also term mine, is a right gracious master. My dominions," he added, "are somewhat shrunk in compass, now that they have dwindled to an old hall and a bedchamber; but they are still wide enough for all the subjects which I can at present boast of."

The Count of Crèvecœur took his leave; and shortly after they could hear the noise of the sentinels moving to their posts, accompanied with the word of command from the officers, and the hasty tread of the guards who were relieved. At length all became still, and the only sound which filled the air was the sluggish murmur of the river Somme as it glided, deep and muddy, under the walls of the castle.

---

**I. Low Countries:** the Netherlands. **Si eür D' Hym (an) bër-cour'**. **Philip** or **Phil (fê) lïppe' de Cō mînes'** (1445-1509): an eminent Flemish historian and statesman. **The Wild Huntsman:** a spectral hunter who, with his dogs, was said to pursue the chase in the Black Forest. **Mes (mâ) sîres'**: masters; sirs. **Li ège' (lê āzh)**: a city and province in Belgium. **Sū'ze rā'n**: a superior lord to whom fealty is due; a feudal lord. **William de la Mārck** (1446-1485): a Flemish chief so noted for ferocity that he was called "The Wild Boar of Ardennes." **Scottish Guard:** the bodyguard of the French kings. The life of Louis IX. was twice saved by a small band of Scotch soldiers, and in gratitude it was resolved that the king's bodyguard should always be composed of Scotchmen. This decree remained in force five centuries. **Mōn'l'hé rÿ'**: a battle fought in 1465 between the forces of Charles and Louis. After the battle the king and Charles, then count of Charolois, were discussing terms, and Charles, forgetful of his situation, with a few attendants, accompanied Louis back into the intrenchments of Paris. His attendants were much alarmed, but Louis acted with good faith and sent him back with a French guard.

II. **Braw wärlð**: gay; fashionable. **Val ois'** (**Väl wä**): a dynasty or race of French kings to which Louis XI. belonged. **Black Wällōons'**: the duke's bodyguard. **Ples** (**pläs**) **sis'**: a castle which was the favorite residence of Louis XI. **Oliver le Dâin**: Louis's barber and favorite. **Tris täñ'** or **Tristrem l'Hër-mîte'**: provost marshal of France in the reign of Louis XI., one of the king's favorites. **Bäl a fré'**: an old archer whom Scott represents as belonging to the Scotch Guard. **Martius-Gäl è-öt'ti**: the astrologer of Louis XI. The king's choice of attendants shows the character and rank of his favorites. **Gös'sip**: friend; comrade.

III. **The Florentine**: Dante degli Alighieri (1265-1321), the greatest of Italian poets. **Dön'jôn**: the chief tower in old castles, also called the *keep*. **Charles the Simple**: king of France about 900. **Çic è rö'né**: guide; one who shows strangers the curiosities of a place. **Ä'r'ras**: heavy cloth used as covering for walls. **Häl'i dôm**: sacred oath. **Sign'lor** (**yer**): sir.

---

## Louis XI.

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY

His arduous life was wholly devoted to the profit of France and the support of the kingly ideal. With these ambitions he surrendered the splendor of courts for the pilgrim's staff, and changed his reign into a succession of journeys. Michelet calls him a "revolution in life," 5 yet surely this "beggar king" was the sternest of conservatives, the legitimate forerunner of Louis XIV. He was called to the throne at the very moment when the nobles, proud in the exercise of chivalry, were encroaching upon the sovereign power; and it needed all his 10 strength of purpose and his unwearying energy to confer permanence and distinction upon his office. With a mar-

velous intelligence he foresaw that he must invent and develop a new power to check the ambition of the cultured bandits, who would have broken France in pieces for a formula; so he turned from the nobles to the cities, chose his instruments from the people, and converted the burgess into an influence.

Not a comely figure, maybe, but a great sovereign: great in wisdom, great also in ambition of creating a vast empire and of emulating Charlemagne, whom he believed himself to resemble and whom he would strenuously imitate. Yet, with all his toil, with all his self-denial, he triumphed only at the end, and age was already upon him when he witnessed the success of his vast schemes, and when the author of the *Rosier des Guerres* saw the proper victory of wisdom and statecraft.

His appearance was a vivid index of his character. A slyness and contempt are mingled in the forceful superiority of his face. The doggedness which never let him rest is evident in every feature. But none of the portraits suggest the niggard temper, which has been a constant and ill-founded reproach — constant because one historian has echoed another, ill-founded because he was parsimonious only for himself. So long as his guard was perfectly equipped, what mattered it that the king, the friend of the people, went meanly clad? When he would lavish a fortune upon the purchase of a province, he could not afford to buy him a new coat, and it is solemnly recorded that he went everywhere with an empty pocket. The Earl of Lodesme, on a visit to France, crossed the river in a boat, the sail whereof was cloth of gold, and his buskins were thick incrustated with precious stones.

And Louis, in the phrase of Danett, "wore his apparel very short and marvelous uncomely, and was clad in very coarse cloth, besides that he wore an old hat, differing from all the rest of his company, and an image of lead upon it, whereat the Castilians jested, saying that this proceeded of misery." But that was far from the truth. It was but Louis's policy, which persuaded him always to subordinate his own pleasure to the glory of France.

---

**Rô sî er' des Guêrres.** **Lô des me'.** **Ũn cômé'ly :** not comely or goodlooking. **Mîs'ër y :** covetousness; avarice.

---

### A Discourse upon Certain Vices and Virtues of King Louis the Eleventh

BY PHILIPPE DE COMINES

Philippe de Comines (1445-1509): An eminent Flemish historian. He was the adviser and councilor of Charles, the powerful Duke of Burgundy, but in 1472 he entered the service of Charles's rival, Louis XI., by whom he was loaded with favors. His "Memoirs" narrate the historical events from 1464 to 1498. They are characterized by candor, sound judgment, and agreeable style. Here is a short extract from his "Memoirs."

King Louis was the wisest prince in winding himself out of trouble and adversity, the humblest in words, the plainest in apparel, and the greatest traveler to win a man that might do him service or harm that ever I knew. Neither used he to relinquish his suit for the first refusal, but labored the party continually by large

promises and liberal gifts, as well of great sums of money, as also of such estates and offices as he knew would content him. And as touching those whom he had banished and withdrawn his favor from in peace and prosperity : he bought them dearly again when he needed them, and employed them in his service, clean forgetting all offenses past. He loved naturally men of mean estate, and was enemy to all such as needed not to depend upon him ; never prince gave audience to so many men, never prince was inquisitive of so many matters, nor desirous to be acquainted with so many strangers, as he, whereby he knew as well all that were in authority and estimation in England, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the seniories of Burgundy and Britain, as his own subjects.

And by these virtues preserved he his estate which stood in great danger at his first coming to the crown, because of the enemies himself had procured to himself. But his great liberality especially served him to good purpose, for as in adversity he wisely behaved himself, so contrariwise in time of peace or truce, he lightly fell out with his servants, by picking trifling quarrels to them, and such was his disposition, that he could hardly away with peace or quietness. In his talk he spared no man, neither absent nor present, save such as he feared, which were many, for naturally he was very fearful. Further, when his talk had either turned him to displeasure, or was like to do so, he would endeavor himself to amend the matter, by using these or such like words to the party offended : " I know well that my tongue hath wrought me much displeasure, but it hath also oftentimes stood me in great stead ; notwithstanding

reason it is that I should repair the injury done." And when he used this familiar speech, he ever gave withal some great present to the party grieved.

Sure the knowledge of good and evil is a great gift of God to a prince, I mean when the good surmounteth the evil, as it did in the king our master, who in mine opinion was much bettered by the trouble he sustained in his youth, when he fled from his father and sojourned with Duke Philip of Burgundy the space of six years : for he was constrained there to frame himself to the humor of those whom he stood in need of, which singular virtue adversity taught him. But after his father's death, when he came first to the state, he thought only upon revenge, but soon felt the smart thereof, and therefore forthwith altered his mind, acknowledged his error,<sup>15</sup> repaired the harms done, and sought to recover by large benefits those whom he had offended.

---

Se nior (nyōr) Ies : lands.

---

Life is a leaf of paper white  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.

Muse not which way the pen to hold;  
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold;  
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin ! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime, —  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

— LOWELL

## An Adventure of the Red Cross Knight

BY EDMUND SPENSER



Edmund Spenser

Edmund Spenser (1553–1599): An English poet of great imaginative power, called “the poet’s poet.” He wrote “The Shepheardes Calendar,” “Faerie Queene,” and many minor poems. His chief prose work was “A View of the State of Ireland.”

The “Faerie Queene,” Spenser’s greatest work, is an allegorical poem of which only half was written. It was de-

signed to consist of twelve books, each having for its hero a knight typifying a certain virtue. The queen of fairyland is represented as holding a twelve days’ feast and sending forth these knights, each of whom was to engage in an adventure against an error opposed to the virtue he typified.

This selection, from Book I. of the “Faerie Queene,” describes an adventure of the Red Cross Knight, the type of holiness.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain  
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,  
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,  
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;  
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield :

His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,  
 As much disdaining to the curb to yield:  
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,  
 As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore, 5  
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living, ever him adored:  
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,  
 For sovereign hope, which in His help he had : 10  
 Right faithful true he was in deed and word,  
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad ;  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave, 15  
 That greatest glorious queen of faerie land,  
 To win him worship, and her grace to have,  
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;  
 And ever as he rode his heart did yearn  
 To prove his puissance in battle brave 20  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;  
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,  
 Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,  
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide 25  
 Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,  
 And over all a black stole she did throw,  
 As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,  
 And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow ;

Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had,  
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,  
She was in life and every virtuous lore,  
5 And by descent from royal lineage came  
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretched from east to western shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held ;  
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar  
10 Forwasted all their land, and them expelled  
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,  
That lazy seemèd in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
15 Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,  
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,  
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain  
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,  
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,  
20 And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,  
A shady grove not far away they spied,  
That promised aid the tempest to withstand :  
Whose lofty trees yclad with summer's pride,  
25 Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,  
Not pierceable with power of any star :  
And all within were paths and alleys wide,  
With footing worn, and leading inward far :  
Fair harbor that them seems ; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
 Joying to hear the bird's sweet harmony,  
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,  
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.

Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,      5  
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,  
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all,  
 The aspen good for staves, the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors      10  
 And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,  
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,  
 The yew obedient to the bender's will,  
 The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,  
 The myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,      15  
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,  
 The fruitful olive, and the platane round,  
 The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
 Until the blustering storm is overblown ;      20  
 When, weening to return whence they did stray,  
 They cannot find that path, which first was shown,  
 But wander to and fro in ways unknown,  
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,  
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own :      25  
 So many paths, so many turnings seen,  
 That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,  
 Till that some end they find or in or out,

That path they take, that beaten seemed most bare,  
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;  
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
 At length it brought them to a hollow cave,  
 5 Amidst the thickest woods. The champion stout  
 Eftsoons dismounted from his courser brave,  
 And to the dwarf awhile his needless spear he gave.

“Be well aware,” quoth then that lady mild,  
 “Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke :  
 10 The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,  
 Breeds dreadful doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,  
 And peril without show : therefore your stroke,  
 Sir knight, withhold, till further trial made.”  
 “Ah, lady,” said he, “shame were to revoke  
 15 The forward footing for an hidden shade :  
 Virtue gives herself light, through darkness for to wade.”

“Yea, but,” quoth she, “the peril of this place  
 I better wot than you, though now too late,  
 To wish you back return with foul disgrace,  
 20 Yet wisdom warns, whilst foot is in the gate,  
 To stay the step, ere forcèd to retrate.  
 This is the wandering wood, this Error’s den,  
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :  
 Therefore I rede, beware.” “Fly, fly,” quoth then  
 25 The fearful dwarf ; “this is no place for living men.”

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,  
 The youthful knight could not for aught be stayed,  
 But forth into the darksome hole he went,  
 And lookèd in : his glistering armor made

A little glooming light, much like a shade,  
 By which he saw the ugly monster plain,  
 Half like a serpent horribly displayed,  
 But th'other half did woman's shape retain,  
 Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain. 5

\* \* \* \* \*

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
 Cried out, "Now, now, Sir knight, show what ye be,  
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;  
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee."  
 That when he heard, in great perplexity, 10  
 His gall did grate for grief and high disdain,  
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
 Wherewith he gripped her gorge with so great pain,  
 That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constrain.

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide, 15  
 When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk in west,  
 High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
 Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;  
 A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,  
 All striving to infix their feeble stings, 20  
 That from their noyance he nowhere can rest,  
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestead, and fearful more of shame  
 Than of the certain peril he stood in, 25  
 Half furious unto his foe he came,  
 Resolved in mind all suddenly to win,  
 Or soon to lose, before he once would lin;

And struck at her with more than manly force,  
 That from her body full of filthy sin  
 He raft her hateful head without remorse ;  
 A stream of cold black blood forth gushèd from her corse.

- 5 Then mounted he upon his steed again,  
 And with the lady backward sought to wend ;  
 That path he kept, which beaten was most plain,  
 Nor ever would to any byway bend,  
 But still did follow one unto the end,  
 10 The which at last out of the wood them brought.  
 So forward on his way, with God to friend,  
 He passeth forth, and new adventure sought ;  
 Long way he travelèd, before he heard of aught.

---

**Prick'ing**: riding. **Ÿ olād'**: clad. **Jōl'ly**: excellent. **Ÿ drād'**: dreaded. **Bōnd**: bound. **Glō rī ā'nā**: the queen of fairyland, who typified in general Glory and in particular Queen Elizabeth. **Ēarn**: long; yearn. **Wim'plēd**: laid in folds; plaited. **Lād**: led. **Lōre**: knowledge; wisdom. **Fōr wāst'ēd**: laid utterly waste; made desolate. **Cōm pēl'ed'**: summoned; called for aid. **Nēed'ments**: necessities. **Jōve**: Jupiter; the chief god of the ancient Romans. **Lē'man's**: sweetheart's; lady's. **Shroud**: take shelter. **Ēke**: also. **Sailing pine**: so called because it is made into ships or sailing vessels. **Never dry**: growing always in damp places. **Weepeth still**: sends forth resin. **Pār'a mōurs**: lovers. **Obedient to the bender's will**: made into bows easily bended by archers. **Sāl'lōw**: willow. **Carver hō/m**: holly used for carving. **Ēft sōōns'**: at once. **Wōt**: know. **Rēde**: advise. **Hār'dī ment**: hardihood; courage. **Gall did grate**: became angry. **Phōe' (fē) būs**: Apollo, the sun god; hence, the sun. **Wēlk**: fade. **Noy'ance**: an old form of the word annoyance. **Bē stēad'**: beset; put in peril. **Līn**: stop. **Rāft**: cut off; took away by violence.

## The Teacher's Vocation

BY HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM

Henry, Lord Brougham (1779-1868): An English statesman, orator, and author. While a member of Parliament, he warmly advocated parliamentary reform, and he afterward devoted himself to the cause of law reform. He wrote "Sketches of the Statesmen of the Time of George III.," "Political Philosophy," and many speeches and addresses.

This extract is from an address on the establishment of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institute, delivered July 20, 1835.

There is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "march of intellect"; and here I will confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect, 5 expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question.

It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceeding of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. 10 The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of war; banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded and the lamentations for the slain. 15

Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and purposes in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly though firmly advances in his humble path, laboring steadily but calmly 20

till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph and 5 to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men — men deserving the glorious title of teachers of mankind — I have found, laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, 10 wherever I have gone. I have found them among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French. I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Ger- 15 mans; I have found them among the high-minded Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound and are every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after 20 ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times.

Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course, 25 awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph commemorating “one in whom mankind lost a friend and no man got rid 30 of an enemy.”

## The Famous Mr. Joseph Addison

BY W. M. THACKERAY



William Makepeace Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863): One of the greatest of English novelists. He is powerful in his delineation of character and is a master of genial humor as well as of irony and satire. After he had dissipated his fortune by extravagance he turned to literature as a profession. His contributions to periodical literature were popular, and in 1846 the publication of "Vanity Fair" established his reputation as one of the great English novelists. He afterward

wrote "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and other novels; he also delivered a course of lectures on "The Four Georges" and "English Humorists."

"Henry Esmond" is considered by many people Thackeray's masterpiece. It purports to be the history of the life of Henry Esmond, an English gentleman of the time of Queen Anne, written by himself.

This selection from "Henry Esmond" gives a description of Steele and Addison, two of the most famous literary men of the period.

### I

Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous beaux esprits of the coffeehouses, Mr. William Congreve,

for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us, would make many brilliant hits — half a dozen in a night sometimes—but, like sharpshooters, when they had fired their shot, they were obliged to retire under cover till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy ; whereas Dick never thought that his companion was a butt to aim at — only a friend to shake by the hand.

Quitting the Guard-table one Sunday afternoon, he and his friend Esmond were making their way down Germain Street, when Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the bookshop near to St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance—at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The captain rushed up, then, to the student of the bookstall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him,—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends,—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the captain, still holding both his friend's hands ; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humoredly. He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue. "And I have been hiding myself — where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always —"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile; "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have <sup>5</sup> been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings, whither I am going now; will your honor come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, <sup>10</sup> my guardian angel?"

"Indeed," says Mr. Esmond, with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learned to admire Mr. Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on <sup>15</sup> a red coat," says Mr. Esmond, who, indeed, had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Esmond who was at Blenheim," says Steele. 20

"Lieutenant Esmond," says the other, with a low bow, "at Mr. Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr. Addison, with a smile; and adding that his lodgings were hard by, he invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither <sup>25</sup> we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," said he, with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby <sup>30</sup> one, though no grandee of the land could receive his

guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings.

"You see," says Mr. Addison, pointing to his writing table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am busy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

10 So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco pipe showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table, 15 and Dick took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse, the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of 20 applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. "You are like the German burghers," says he, "and the princes on the Mozelle; when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, 25 and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls."

No matter what the verses were, and, to say truth, Mr. Esmond found some of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered, and in every line 30 from Addison's pen, Steele found a masterstroke. Dick came to that part of the poem wherein the bard describes

as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgeling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame — when we were ordered to 5 ravage and lay waste the Elector's country ; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun ; and at last Dick came to the lines : —

“In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand	10
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,	
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,	
A thousand yillages to ashes turn.	
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,	
And mixed with bellowing herds confusedly bleat.	15
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,	
And cries of infants sound in every brake.	
The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,	
Loath to obey his leader's just commands.	
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,	20
To see his just commands so well obeyed.”	

“I admire the license of your poets,” says Esmond to Mr. Addison. Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure. “I admire your art ; the murder of the cam- 25 paign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera. Do you know what a scene it was ? what a triumph you are celebrating ? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere ? You talk of the 30 ‘listening soldier fixed in sorrow,’ the ‘leader's grief swayed

by generous pity'; to my belief, the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw  
 5 those horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol, hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You  
 10 great poets should show it as it is — ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. Oh, sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so."

During this little outbreak, Mr. Addison was listening,  
 15 smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. "What would you have?" says he. "In our polished days and according to the rules of art, 'tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated  
 20 rather than described; as in the Greek tragedies, — that, I dare say, you have read, and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition, — Agamemnon is slain, or Medea's children destroyed, away from the scene, the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to  
 25 pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear sir, in my humble way; 'tis a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman. We must  
 30 paint our great duke," Mr. Addison went on, "not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest



Joseph Addison

of us, but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We college poets trot, you know, on very easy nags; it hath been, time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to  
 5 celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art, and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic, not familiar or too near the vulgar truth. If Virgil could invoke the  
 10 divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contributes to every citizen's individual honor. When hath there been, since our Henry's  
 15 and Edward's days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction? If 'tis in my power to sing that song worthily, I will do so and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty, and  
 20 fling up my cap and huzzah for the conqueror."

"There were as brave men on that field," says Mr. Esmond, who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfish-  
 25 ness and treachery. "There were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian or patrician favored, and who lie there forgotten under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?"

30 "To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades!" says Mr. Addison, with a smile. "Would you celebrate

them all ? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome ; what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file ? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success ; 'tis the result of all the others ; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favor of the gods and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave ? every man is brave. But in being victorious, 10 as he is, I fancy there is something divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as 15 Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity ; no more hath the gods, who are above it and superhuman. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect ; and, wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

20

## II

A couple of days after, when Mr. Esmond revisited his poetic friend, he found this thought, struck out in the fervor of conversation, improved and shaped into those famous lines, which are in truth the noblest in the poem of the "Campaign." As the two gentlemen sat engaged 25 in talk, Mr. Addison solacing himself with his customary pipe, the little maid-servant that waited on his lodging came up, preceding a gentleman in fine laced clothes, that had evidently been figuring at court or a great man's levée. The courtier coughed a little at the smoke of the 30

pipe, and looked round the room curiously, which was shabby enough, as was the owner in his worn snuff-colored suit and plain tiewig.

"How goes on the *magnum opus*, Mr. Addison?" says the court gentleman, on looking down at the papers that were on the table.

"We were but now over it," says Addison, — the greatest courtier in the land could not have a more splendid politeness, or greater dignity of manner. — "Here is the plan," says he, "on the table : here are Tallard's quarters, at the bowl of this pipe, at the attack of which Captain Esmond was present. I have the honor to introduce him to Mr. Boyle; and Mr. Esmond was but now depicting the engagement when you came in." In truth, the two gentlemen had been so engaged when the visitor arrived, and Addison, in his smiling way, speaking of Mr. Webb, colonel of Esmond's regiment, who commanded a brigade in the action and greatly distinguished himself there, was lamenting that he could find never a suitable rhyme for Webb, otherwise the brigade should have had a place in the poet's verses. "And for you, you are but a lieutenant," says Addison, "and the Muse can't occupy herself with any gentleman under the rank of a field officer."

Mr. Boyle was all impatient to hear, saying that my Lord Treasurer and my Lord Halifax were equally anxious; and Addison, blushing, began reading of his verses, and, I suspect, knew their weak parts as well as the most critical hearer. When he came to the lines describing the angel, that

30

"Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage,"

he read with great animation, looking at Esmond, as much as to say, "You know where that simile came from—from our talk the other day."

The poet's two hearers were caught with enthusiasm, and applauded the verses with all their might. The gentleman of the court sprang up in great delight. "Not a word more, my dear sir," says he. "Trust me with the papers; I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treasurer, whom I am appointed to see in half an hour. I venture to promise, the verses shall lose nothing by my reading, and then, sir, we shall see whether Lord Halifax has a right to complain that his friend's pension is no longer paid." And without more ado, the courtier in lace seized the manuscript pages, placed them in his breast with his ruffled hand over his heart, executed a most gracious wave of the hat with the disengaged hand, and smiled and bowed out of the room, leaving an odor of pomander behind him.

"Does not the chamber look quite dark?" says Addison, surveying it, "after the glorious appearance and disappearance of that gracious messenger? Why, he illuminated the whole room. Your scarlet, Mr. Esmond, will bear any light; but this threadbare old coat of mine, how very worn it looked under the glare of that splendor! I wonder whether they will do anything for me," he continued. "When I came out of Oxford into the world, my patrons promised me great things; and you see where their promises have landed me, in a lodging up two pair of stairs, with a sixpenny dinner from the cook's shop. Well, I suppose this promise will go after the others, and fortune will jilt me, as the jade has been doing any time

these seven years. There is no hardship in poverty, Esmond, that is not bearable ; no hardship even in honest dependence that an honest man may not put up with. I came out of the lap of Alma Mater, puffed up with her praises of me, and thinking to make a figure in the world with the parts and learning which had got me no small name in our college. The world is the ocean, and Isis and Charwell are but little drops, of which the sea takes no account. My reputation ended a mile beyond Maudlin Tower ; no one took note of me ; and I learned this at least, to bear up against evil fortune with a cheerful heart. Friend Dick hath made a figure in the world, and has passed me in the race long ago. What matters a little name or a little fortune ? There is no fortune that a philosopher cannot endure. I have not been unknown as a scholar, and yet forced to live by turning bear-leader and teaching a boy how to spell. What then ? The life was not pleasant, but possible—the bear was bearable. Should this venture fail, I will go back to Oxford ; and some day, when you are a general, you shall find me a curate in a cassock and bands, and I shall welcome your honor to my cottage in the country and to a mug of penny ale. 'Tis not poverty that's the hardest to bear, or the least happy lot in life," says Mr. Addison, shaking the ash out of his pipe. "See, my pipe is smoked out. Let us go abroad and take a turn on the Mall, or look in at the theater and see Dick's comedy. 'Tis not a masterpiece of wit ; but Dick is a good fellow, though he doth not set the Thames on fire."

Within a month after this day, Mr. Addison's ticket had come up a prodigious prize in the lottery of life,

All the town was in an uproar of admiration of his poem, the "Campaign," which Dick Steele was spouting at every coffeehouse in Whitehall and Covent Garden. The wits on the other side of Temple Bar saluted him at once as the greatest poet the world had 5 seen for ages; the people huzzahed for Marlborough and for Addison, and, more than this, the party in power provided for the meritorious poet, and Mr. Addison got the appointment of Commissioner of Excise, which the famous Mr. Locke vacated, and rose from his place to 10 other dignities and honors, his prosperity from henceforth to the end of his life being scarce ever interrupted. But I doubt whether he was not happier in his garret in the Haymarket, than ever he was in his splendid palace at Kensington; and I believe the fortune that came to 15 him in the shape of the countess his wife was no better than a shrew and a vixen.

---

I. **Beaux esprits'** (bōz ɛs prē): men of wit. **William Cōn'grève** (1674-1729): an English dramatic poet. **Blēn'hēim**: a battle fought August 2, 1704, in which the English, under the Duke of Marlborough, gained a decisive victory over the French and Bavarians. It was the subject of Addison's poem, "The Campaign." **Sāl'vō**: volley. **Bū cōl'ic**: rustic. **Āg à mēm'nōn**: the leader of the Greeks in the siege of Troy. On his return home he was murdered by his wife. **Mē dē'a**: the sorceress who aided Jason in getting the golden fleece. After being married to her for ten years Jason deserted her, whereupon, in revenge, she killed her two children. **Pēg'a sūs**: the winged horse of the Muses. **I'sis**: a river which by its junction with the Thame forms the Thames; the name is sometimes applied to the Thames itself. **Henry's and Edward's**: Henry V. and

Edward III., two of the most warlike English kings, who won great victories in the French wars.

II. **Māg'nūm ō'pūs**: great work. **Camille d'Hostun Tālard (yār)** (1652-1728): a French marshal defeated and made prisoner at Blenheim. **Pō mǎn'dēr**: a kind of perfume carried with one, often in the form of a ball. **Āl'mā Mā'tēr**: a college where one is educated. **Maud'lin Tower**: Magdalen College, Oxford. **Bear leader**: teacher. **Dick's comedy**: "The Tender Husband" by Richard Steele. **Mr. John Locke** (1632-1704): a distinguished English philosopher and philanthropist.

---

## Sir Roger de Coverley

BY JOSEPH ADDISON

Joseph Addison (1672-1719): An English author, Thackeray's interesting description of whom you have just had. Addison's tragedy, "Cato," was much admired in his own time, and he wrote graceful English and Latin verse; but he is best known to us as an essayist, one of the authors of the "Spectator" and the "Guardian." The "Spectator" was a periodical publication, represented as being under the direction of a fictitious club to which belonged, among others, Sir Roger de Coverley, an English country gentleman, and Mr. Spectator, who represents Addison himself.

Here are two of the De Coverley papers.

### I. COVERLEY HALL

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets

me rise and go to bed when I please ; dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit ; sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the county come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have 5 observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more in ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons ; for as the knight is 10 the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him. By this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his 15 brother ; his butler is gray-headed ; his groom is one of the gravest men that I ever have seen ; and his coachman has the looks of a privy councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great 20 care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. 25 Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master 30 of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs

with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend, Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last

night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned ; and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out 5 a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon.

“My friend,” says Sir Roger, “found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, 10 is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. 15 He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been 20 a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I 25 made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make 30 a continued system of practical divinity.”

As Sir Roger was going on with his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow — for it was Saturday night — told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction.

## II. SIR ROGER PASSETH AWAY

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace who was always Sir Roger's

enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentrey which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter without any alteration or diminution : —

10

“HONORED SIR, — Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman ; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin which was served up according to custom ; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the last forty years of his life ; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of

his love, a great pearl necklace and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother; he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, 5 because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze 10 coat and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he 15 has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the 20 church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, 25 among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum; the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits — the men in frieze and the 30 women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentrey, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house and the

whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it and to pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

15

“Honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,

“EDWARD BISCUIT.

“P.S.—My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.”

20

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular, the act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident

30

on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentrey informs us that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

---

I. **Vál et' de çhām'bre** (French): body servant or personal attendant. **Priv'y coun'çil** or: a member of the privy council, the chief council composed of cabinet ministers and other persons chosen by the sovereign. **Every one . . . they**: for *every one . . . he*. **Hū'mor ist**: a person who has some oddity or eccentricity of character. **Tēm'pēred**: mingled in due proportion. **In sūlt'ed**: in the time of Addison the English gentlemen made little or no pretension to learning. **Pār'son āge**: as here used, it signifies the parson's office, not his residence. **Dīgēst'ed**: arranged. **Bishop of St. A'saph** (saf), **Dr. South**, **Archbishop Til'lot son**, **Bishop Saun'der son**, **Dr. Bar'row**, **Dr. Cal'a my**: eminent English clergymen of the seventeenth century.

II. **Whig**: an English political party which advocated popular rights. **Tēn'é ment**: dwelling house. **Friēze**: a kind of coarse woolen cloth. **Quō'rūm**: court of justice. **Quīt'rēnts**: rents reserved in grants of land, by the payment of which the tenant is relieved from other service.

---

## Triumph of Charis

BY BEN JONSON

Ben Jonson (1573-1637): An English dramatic poet, who is generally ranked second to Shakspeare. He wrote "Every Man in his Humor," "The Fall of Sejanus," "Cataline's Conspiracy," and many other plays.

5

See the chariot at hand here of Love!

Wherein my lady rideth!

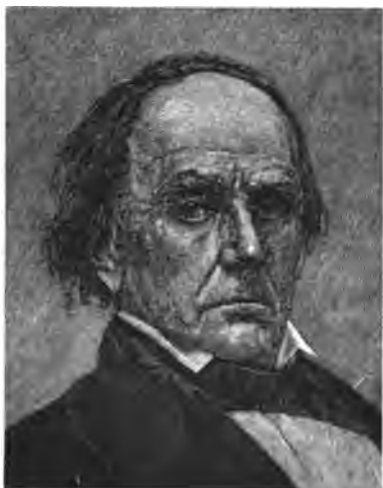
Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,  
 And well the car Love guideth.  
 As she goes, all hearts do duty  
 Unto her beauty.  
 And, enamored, do wish, so they might 5  
 But enjoy such a sight,  
 That they still were to run by her side  
 Through swords, through seas, whither she would  
 ride.  
 Do but look on her eyes ! they do light 10  
 All that Love's world compriseth ;  
 Do but look on her hair ! it is bright  
 As Love's star when it riseth !  
 Do but mark — her forehead's smother  
 Than words that soothe her ! 15  
 And from her arched brows such a grace  
 Sheds itself through the face,  
 As alone there triumphs to the life,  
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.  
 Have you seen but a bright lily grow 20  
 Before rude hands have touched it ?  
 Have you marked but the fall o' the snow  
 Before the soil hath smutched it ?  
 Have you felt the wool of beaver ?  
 Or swan's down ever ? 25  
 Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar ?  
 Or the nard in the fire ?  
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?  
 Oh, so white, oh, so soft, oh, so sweet, is she !

---

**Nard** : an East Indian plant used in Oriental perfumery.

## First Bunker Hill Oration—A Selection

BY DANIEL WEBSTER



Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster (1782–1852): An American statesman and orator. For forty years, as Representative, Senator, and Secretary of State, he was in public life, but he never attained the object of his ambition, the presidency. His most memorable speech in Congress was his reply to Senator Hayne of South Carolina, on the subject of nullification. Among his grandest orations are the eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, and the two Bunker Hill orations, — the first delivered at the laying of the corner-

stone of the monument, and the second on its completion.

This eloquent extract is from the first Bunker Hill oration, delivered in June, 1825.

### I

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads;

the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying, the impetuous charge, the steady and successful repulse, 5 the loud call to repeated assault, the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance, a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death, — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The 10 heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of the whole happy population, 15 come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and 20 defense. All is peace ; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils ; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name 25 of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

But, alas ! you are not all here ! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge ! our eyes seek for you in 30 vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your

fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your  
 5 work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

“ another morn,  
 10 Risen on mid-ocean ; ”

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But, ah ! him ! the first great martyr in this great cause ! Him ! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart ! Him ! the head of our civil councils and the des-  
 15 tined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit ! Him ! cut off by providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom, falling ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood like water,  
 20 before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage ! — how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name ! Our poor work may perish ; but thine shall endure ! This monument may molder away ; the solid ground it rests upon  
 25 may sink down to a level with the sea ; but thy memory shall not fail ! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

30 But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit

us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole revolutionary army. 5

Veterans ! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century ! when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this ! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, 15 you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. 20 I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them ! 25 And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall have once more pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor 30 defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled ;

yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give your country and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last  
 5 days from the improved condition of mankind.

## II

The occasion does not require of me any particular account of the battle of the 17th of June, 1775, nor any detailed narrative of the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the  
 10 progress of the great and interesting controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This had been manifested in the act for altering the government of the Province and in that for shutting  
 15 up the port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America. It had been  
 20 anticipated that, while the other colonies would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain ; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which  
 25 this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greatly enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves ! How little they knew of the depth and the strength and the intenseness of that feeling of

resistance to illegal acts of power, which possessed the whole American people. Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized, everywhere, to show to the whole world that the colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest.

The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned, in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism.

"We are deeply affected," said its inhabitants, "with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province greatly excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Boston some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to every feeling of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors."

These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood, the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart from one end of the country to the other. Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and addresses were received from all quarters, assuring them that the cause

was a common one and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to these assurances ; and in an address to the Congress at Philadelphia, bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last, of the immortal Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared, that this colony "is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America."

But the hour drew nigh which was to put professions to the proof and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread than it was universally felt that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined. War, on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry of New England, but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it, and they did not withhold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned ; the plow was stayed in the unfinished furrow ; wives gave up their husbands and mothers gave up their sons, to the battles of a civil war. Death might come in honor on the field ; it might come in disgrace on the scaffold. For either and for both they were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. "Blandishments," said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate us ; for, under God, we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or

however we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men."

The seventeenth of June saw the four New England colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them forever—one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal now lay to the sword, and the only question was whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses, had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say that in no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can alone bestow, than the Revolutionary state papers exhibit. These papers will forever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they are written.

To this able vindication of their cause, the colonies had now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and given evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw that, if

America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and in the first considerable battle leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than had recently been known to fall in the wars of Europe.

## III

When Louis the Fourteenth said, "I am the State," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. 10 By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the State; they are its subjects, it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding in our age to other opinions, and the civilized world seems 15 at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more 20 and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.

We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiments will promote the permanent peace of the world. 25 Wars to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, and to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the

great principle shall be more and more established that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any one who would hazard it.

If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced and is likely to produce on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude and to feel in all its importance the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration,

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better, in form, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The principle of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains. And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation and on us sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new

hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon and Alfred and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

---

I. **Venerable men**: forty old soldiers, veterans of the war of the Revolution, seated before Webster when he delivered this

address. **Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge**: American officers in the war of the Revolution, who fought at Bunker Hill. **Him, the first great martyr**: General Joseph Warren, who was killed in the battle of Bunker Hill.

II. **Josiah Quin'cy (zi)** (1744-1775): an American patriot and orator.

III. **Louis XIV.** (1638-1715): king of France, called the Great. His ambition was to make France prosperous and the monarchy absolute. His policy is summed up in this saying quoted by Webster. **Prôp a gān'dists**: persons who devote themselves to spreading certain systems of principles. **Sō'lon** (B.C. 638?-558?): a Greek sage and lawgiver.

## The Greatness of God's Works

### FROM THE BOOK OF JOB

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

5 Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding.

Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?  
10 or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof;

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

\* \* \* \* \*

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and  
caused the dayspring to know his place;

That it might take hold of the ends of the earth, that  
the wicked might be shaken out of it?

It is turned as clay to the seal and they stand as a  
garment.

And from the wicked their light is withholden, and the  
high arm shall be broken.

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast  
thou walked in the search of the depth? 10

\* \* \* \* \*

Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades, or  
loose the bands of Orion?

Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or  
canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou  
set the dominion thereof in the earth? 15

Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abun-  
dance of waters may cover thee?

Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say  
unto thee, Here we are? 20

Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who  
hath given understanding to the heart?

Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can  
stay the bottles of heaven,

When the dust groweth into hardness and the clods  
cleave fast together? 25

Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion? or fill the appe-  
tite of the young lions,

When they couch in their dens and abide in the covert  
to lie in wait?

Who provideth for the raven his food? When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

5 Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither 10 turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

15 He saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south?

20 Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?

She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.

From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold 25 afar off.

Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain are, there is she.

---

**Māz'zā rōth.** **Ärc tū'rūs:** a fixed star in the constellation Boötes; the name Arcturus is sometimes used for the constellation itself, or for the constellation of Ursa Major.

## Sonnets

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

William Shakspeare (1564-1616): The greatest English dramatic poet, one of the greatest poets of the world. Among his principal plays are "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," and "The Merchant of Venice." A sketch of his life will be found in the Fifth Book of the "Graded Literature Readers."

Here are two sonnets from a collection of poems in the sonnet form, dedicated by Shakspeare to a mysterious "W. H.," whose identity critical research has not been able to discover.

29

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries  
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5  
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state, 10  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;  
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold 15  
 When yellow leaves or none or few, do hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 5 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the deathbed whereon it must expire,  
 10 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

---

**Boot'less:** unavailing; profitless.

---

## Heroes of the Mutiny

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL

The Indian Mutiny in 1857 threatened, for a time, the overthrow of British power in India, but was finally put down. The British force in India was 36,000; the native soldiers numbered 257,000, most of whom were in rebellion. The direct cause of the mutiny was the giving to the native soldiers cartridges greased with the fat of pigs and cows—the first, an abomination to the Mohammedans, the second, sacred to the Hindus—by which they believed that their caste and religion were attacked. The indirect cause was the jealousy excited by the extension of British rule, especially by the annexation of Oude.

On the 10th of May, the native troops at Meerut mutinied and went to Delhi to seize the magazine and restore the old royal dynasty. This story tells how the magazine was de-

fended. All the Europeans at Delhi—except a few who succeeded in escaping—were massacred, and the native garrison and mutineers from other places took possession of the city in the name of the old king. On the 8th of June, a small British force took position on the Ridge about two miles from the city; it was reënforced in September and it then stormed the city.

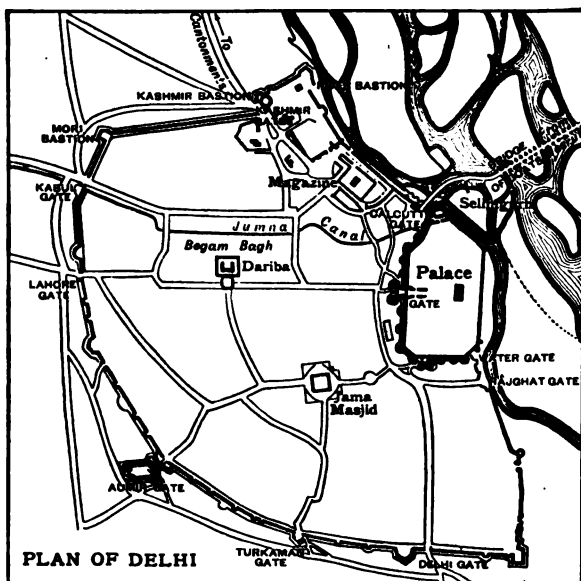
## I

“Close the gates! Close the gates! Close the gates!” The cry rose from the palace, the city, the little knot of Englishmen looking down the Meerut road. Yet no one could compass that closing. Recruits swarmed in through Selimgarh to the palace. Robbers swarmed in through the Rajghat gate to harry the bazaars. Only through the Kashmir gate, held by English officers and a guard of the 38th, no help came. The collector arriving therein, hot from his gallop to cantonments, found more wonder than alarm; for death was dealt in Delhi, on the eleventh of May, 1857, by noiseless cold steel. And, since the main guard had to be kept in order to secure retreat and safety to the European houses around it, no one had been able to leave it. Besides, all around was still peaceful utterly, even the roar of growing tumult in the city had not reached it.

The collector, galloping past it, scorned the suggestion that it was needless risk to go further, replying briefly that he was the magistrate of the town.

But as he neared the Calcutta gate, he could scarcely press through the growing crowd, which, led by troopers, was beginning to close in behind the knot of waiting Englishmen. Once more they looked down the Meerut

road when they heard that some time must elapse ere they could hope for reënforcement. The guns could not be got ready at a moment's notice, nor could the Kashmir gate guard leave the post. But the 54th regiment should be down in about — in about what? No one asked; but those waiting faces listened as for a verdict of life and



This map shows the situation of places mentioned in this story, and in Lord Roberts' account of the storming of the city.

death. In about an hour. An hour! And not a cloud of dust upon the Meerut road!

"They can't be long, though, now," said the eldest there, hopefully. "If we go into the guardhouse, we can hold our own till then, surely."

"I can hold mine," replied a young fellow with a

rough-hewn, homely face. He gave a curt nod as he spoke to a companion, and together they turned back, skirting the wall, followed by an older, burlier man. They belonged to the magazine, and they were off to see the best way of holding their own. And they found it, found it for all time!

About six hundred yards from the main guard of the Kashmir gate stood the magazine, to which the two young Englishmen, followed by a burlier one, had walked back quietly after one of them had remarked that he could hold his own, — since there were gates to be barred, four walls to be seen to, and various other preparations to be made before the nine men who formed the garrison could be certain of holding their own. And their own meant much to others, for with the stores and the munitions of war safe, the city might rise, but it would be unarmed; but with them at the mercy of the rabble, every pitiful pillager could become a recruit to the disloyal regiments.

“The mine’s about finished now, sir,” said Conductor Buckley, saluting gravely as he looked critically down a line ending in the powder magazine. “And, asking your pardon, sir, mightn’t it be as well to settle a signal beforehand, sir, in case it’s wanted? And, if you have no objection, sir, here’s Sergeant Scully here, sir, saying he would look on it as a kind favor —”

25

A man with a spade glanced up a trifle anxiously for the answer as he went on with his work.

“All right! Scully shall fire it. If you finish it there in the middle by that little lemon tree, we shan’t forget the exact spot. Scully must see to having the portfire ready for himself. I’ll give the word to you, as your gun

will be near mine, and you can pass it on by raising your cap. That will do, I think."

"Nicely, sir," said Conductor Buckley, saluting again.

"I wish we had one more man," remarked the head-of-the-nine, as he paused in passing a gun to look to something in its gear with swift professional eye. "I don't quite see how the nine of us are to work the ten guns."

"Oh! we'll manage somehow," said his second in command; "the native establishment, perhaps —"

George Willoughby, the head-of-the-nine, looked at the sullen group of dark faces lounging distrustfully within those barred doors, and his own face grew stern. Well, if they would not work, they should at least stay and look on — stay till the end. Then he took out his watch.

"Twelve! The Meerut troops will be in soon — if they started at dawn —" There was the finest inflection of scorn in his voice.

"They must have started," began his companion. But the tall figure with the grave young face was straining its eyes from the bastion they were passing; it gave upon the Bridge-of-boats and the lessening white streak of road. He was looking for a cloud of dust upon it, but there was none.

"I hope so," he remarked as he went on. He gave a half-involuntary glance back, however, to the stunted lemon bush. There was a black streak by it which might be relied upon to give aid at dawn or dusk or noon; high noon it was now.

The chime of it echoed methodically as ever from the main guard, making a cheerful young voice in the officer's

room there say, "Well! the enemy is passing, anyhow. The reliefs can't be long — if they started at dawn."

## II

As the sun began to slant, the head-of-the-nine at the magazine stood looking contemptuously at a paper brought by the Palace Guards from the King of Delhi 5 and passed under the door, ordering its instant opening. George Willoughby laughed; but some of the eight talked of people's impudence! Yet, after the laugh, the head-of-the-nine walked over, yet another time, to that river bastion to look down at that white streak of road. 10 How many times he had looked already Heaven knows, but his grave face had grown graver, though it brightened again after a glance at the lemon bush. The black streak there would not fail them.

"In the king's name, open!" The demand came from 15 Mirza Moghul himself this time, for the palace was without arms, without ammunition; and if they were to defend it according to the queen's idea, against all comers, till there was time for other regiments to rebel, this matter of the magazine was important. A scout 20 sent by the queen had returned with news that no English soldier was within ten miles of Delhi, and within the last half hour an ominous word had begun to pass from lip to lip in the city.

"Helpless!"

25

The masters were helpless. Past two o'clock and not a blow in revenge! Helpless! The word made cowards brave and brave folk cowards. And many who had spent the long hours in peeping from their closed doors at each

fresh clatter in the street, hoping it was the masters, looked at each other with startled eyes.

Helpless ! helpless !

The echo of the thought reached the main guard, still in touch with the outside world, whence, as the day dragged by, fresh tidings of danger drifted down from the Ridge where men, women, and children lay huddled helplessly in the Flagstaff Tower, watching the white streak of road. It seems like a bad dream, that hopeless, 10 paralyzing strain of the eyes for a cloud of dust.

But the echo won no way into the magazine, for the simple reason that it knew it was not helpless. It could hold its own.

"Shoot that man Kureem Buksh, please, Forrest, if he 15 comes bothering round the gate again. He is really very annoying. I have told him several times to keep back ; so it is no use his trying to give information to the people outside."

For the head-of-the-nine was very courteous. "Scaling 20 ladders?" he echoed, when a native superintendent told him that the princes, finding him obdurate, had gone to send some down from the palace. "Oh ! by all means let them scale if they like."

Some of the eight, hearing the reply, smiled grimly. 25 By all means let the flies walk into the parlor ; for if that straight streak of road was really going to remain empty, the fuller the four square walls round the lemon bush could be, the better.

"That's they, sir," said one of the eight, cheerfully, as 30 a grating noise rose above the hum outside. "That's the grapnels." And he turned to his gun. All the nine

waited, each to a gun, and of course there was one gun over, but, as the head of them had said, that could not be helped. And so the rifle-triggers clicked and the stocks came up to the shoulders; and then?—then there was a sort of laugh, and some one said under his breath, 5  
 “Well!” And his mind went back to the streets of London, and he wondered how many years it was since he had seen a lamplighter. For up ropes and poles, on roofs and outhouses, somehow, clinging like limpets, running like squirrels along the top of the wall, upsetting the 10  
 besiegers, monopolizing the ladders, was a rush, not of attack, but of escape! Let what fool who liked scale the wall and come into the parlor of the nine, those who knew the secret of the lemon bush were off. No safety there beside the nine! No life insurance possible while 15  
 that lay ready to their hand!

Would he ever see a lamplighter again? The trivial thought was with the bearded man who stood by his gun, the real self in him, hidden behind the reserve of courage, asking other questions too, as he waited for the upward 20  
 rush of fugitives to change into a downward rush of foes worthy of good powder and shot.

It came at last—and the grape came, too, mowing the intruders down in bunches. And these were no mere rabble of the city. They were the pick of the trained 25  
 mutineers swarming over the wall to stand on the outhouse roofs and fire at the nine; and so, pressed in gradually from behind, coming nearer and nearer, dropping to the ground in solid ranks, firing in platoons; thus by degrees hemming in the nine, hemming in the lemon 30  
 bush. But the nine were busy with the guns. They

had to be served quickly and that left no time for thought. Then the smoke and the flashes and the yells filled up the rest of the world for the present.

"This is the last round, I'm afraid, sir; we shan't have time for another," said a warning voice from the nine, and the head of them looked round quietly. The intruders were not more than forty yards now from the guns; there was barely time, certainly, unless they had had that other man! So he nodded, and the last round pealed out as recklessly, as defiantly, as if there had been a hundred to follow, a hundred thousand, a hundred million. But one of the gunners threw down his fuse ere his gun recoiled, and ran in lightly toward the lemon tree, so as to be ready for the favor he had begged.

"We're about full up, sir," came the warning voice again, as the rest of the nine fell back amid a desultory rattle of small arms. The tinkle of the last church bell, as it were, warning folk to hurry up, — a last invitation to walk into the parlor of the nine.

"We're about full up, sir," came that one voice.

"Wait half a second," came another, and the head-of-the-nine ran lightly to the river bastion for a last look down the white streak for that cloud of dust.

How sunny it was! how clear! how still! — that world beyond the smoke, beyond the flashes, beyond the deafening yells and cries. He gave one look at it, one short look — only one — then turned to face his own world, the world he had to keep. Full up, indeed! No pyrotechnist could hope for better audience in so small a place.

“Now, if you please!”

Some one in the thick of the smoke and the flashes and the yells and the groans, heard and raised his cap — a last salute, as it were, to the school and the schoolmaster — a



A Last Salute

final dismissal to the scholars, a thousand of them or so, about to finish their lesson of what men can do to hold their own. And some one else, standing beside the lemon bush, bent over that faithful black streak, then ran

for dear life from the hissing of that snake of fire flashing to the powder magazine.

A faint sob, a whispering gasp of horror, came from a thousand and odd ; but above it came a roar, a rush, a rending. A little puff of white smoke went skyward first, and then slowly, majestically, a great cloud of rose-red dust grew above the ruins, to hang — a corona, glittering in the slant sunbeams — over the school, the schoolmasters, and the scholars.

10 It hung there for hours. To those who know the story it seems to hang there still, — a bloody pall for the many ; for the nine, a crown indeed.

---

I. **Căn'ton ments** : in India, permanent military stations or towns ; usually, temporary quarters for troops. **Bās'tion (chūn)** : a projection from the main part of a fortification.

II. **Ốb'đũ râte** : stubborn ; unyielding. **Grăp'nẻĩ** : instruments used to grapple or hold ; usually, small anchors with four or five claws. **Plă'toons** : bodies of soldiers. **Pỷr ỏ tẻch'ủĩst** : a person who displays fireworks. **Cỏ rỏ'nả** : a crown or garland, especially one given as a reward for distinguished services.

---

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
15 To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
20 Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— BRYANT

## The Storming of Delhi

BY LORD ROBERTS.



Lord Roberts

Lord Roberts (1832 —): An English general who has served with distinction in India and Africa. Among his military achievements was the relief of Kandahar in 1880, with a force of only nine thousand men. In 1899, after the English had sustained a series of reverses in the war against the Boers, Lord Roberts was put in command of the British forces in South Africa and conducted the

campaign with wisdom and success.

You have had an account of the Indian Mutiny. Here is a description by Lord Roberts of the taking of Delhi. It is from a volume of reminiscences entitled "Forty-one Years in India."

At sunset on the fourteenth of September only a very small portion of the walls of Delhi was in our possession. The densely populated city remained to be conquered. The magazine, the palace, and the fort of Selingarh, all strongly fortified, were still in the hands of the enemy. 5 The narrow strip of ground we had gained had been won at severe loss. Three out of the four officers who commanded the assaulting columns had been disabled, and 66 officers and 1104 men had been killed and wounded.

The night of the fourteenth was spent by the general and staff in "Skinner's House," close to the church. Rest was badly needed, for almost every one in the force, officers and men alike, had been hard at work, night and day, for 5 a week. That night, luckily, we were allowed to be at peace, for whether it was that the rebels were as tired as we were, or that they were busy making preparations for further resistance, they did not disturb us; and when day broke we were all refreshed and ready to continue the 10 struggle. At one time, indeed, early in the evening, the enemy appeared from their movements to be preparing to attack us, but just at that moment the band of the Fourth Punjab Infantry struck up "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" upon which the men of the regiment did cheer, most lustily, and 15 other regiments caught up and continued the inspiring hurrahs, which apparently had the effect of disconcerting the mutineers and keeping them quiet.

On the morning of the fifteenth the situation was reviewed and preparations made for the conquest of the city. 20 Order was restored amongst the troops, who had become somewhat demoralized by the street fighting. Regiments and brigades were got together; raids were made on all the store shops within reach, and every bottle of beer and spirits was broken. Some of the liquor would doubtless 25 have been of great use in the hospitals, but there was no means of removing it, and the general wisely determined that it was best to put temptation out of the men's way. Guns and mortars were placed into position for shelling the city and palace, and a few houses near, where the 30 enemy's sharpshooters had established themselves, were seized and occupied. We soon, however, gave up attack-

ing such positions, for we found that street fighting could not be continued without the loss of more men than we had to spare, and that the wisest plan would be to keep the soldiers under cover as much as possible while we sapped from house to house. A battery commanding 5 Selimgarh and part of the palace was constructed in the palace gardens, and a breach was made in the wall of the magazine, which was captured the next morning with but slight loss.

We worked through houses, courtyards, and lanes until, 10 on the afternoon of the nineteenth, we found ourselves in the rear of the Burn bastion, the attempt to take which on the fourteenth had cost the life of the gallant Nicholson and many other brave men. We had with us fifty European and fifty native soldiers, the senior officer of 15 the party being Captain Gordon of the 75th Foot. A single door separated us from the lane which led to the Burn bastion. Lang of the Engineers burst this door open and out dashed the party. Rushing across the lane and up the ramp, the guard was completely surprised, and 20 the bastion was seized without our losing a man.

Early the next day we were still sapping our way toward the Lahore gate, when we suddenly found ourselves in a courtyard in which were huddled together some forty or fifty banians, who were evidently as much in ter- 25 ror of the sepoys as they were of us. The men of our party nearly made an end of these unfortunates before their officers could interfere, for to the troops — native and European alike — every man inside the walls of Delhi was looked upon as a rebel worthy of death. These peo- 30 ple, however, were unarmed, and it did not require a very

practiced eye to see that they were inoffensive. We thought, however, that a good fright would do them no harm and might possibly help us, so for a time we allowed them to believe that they were looked upon as traitors, 5 but eventually told them their lives would be spared if they would take us in safety to some place from which we might observe how the Lahore gate was guarded. After considerable hesitation and consultation amongst themselves, they agreed to two of their party guiding Lang and 10 me, while the rest remained as hostages with the understanding that, if we did not return within a given time, they would be shot.

Our trembling guides conducted us through the houses, across courtyards, and along secluded alleys, without our 15 meeting a living creature, until we found ourselves in an upper room of a house looking out on the Chandni Chauk, and within fifty yards of the Lahore gate.

From the windows of this room we could see beneath us the sepoy's lounging about, engaged in cleaning their 20 muskets and other occupations, while some, in a lazy sort of fashion, were acting as sentries. I could see from the number on their caps that these sepoy's belonged to the 5th Native Infantry.

Having satisfied ourselves of the feasibility of taking 25 the Lahore gate in rear, we retraced our steps.

The two banians behaved well throughout, but were in such a terrible fright of anything happening to us that they would not allow us to leave the shelter of one house until they had carefully reconnoitered the way to the 30 next, and made sure it was clear of the enemy. This occasioned so much delay that our friends had almost

given us up and were on the point of requiring the hostages to pay the penalty for the supposed treachery of our guides, when we reappeared on the scene.

The troops were then brought by the route we had just traversed and drawn up behind a gateway, next to the 5 house in which we had been concealed. The gate was burst open, and rushing into the street we captured the guns and killed or put to flight the sepoy whom we had watched from our upper chamber a short time before, without losing a man ourselves. 10

This was a great achievement, for we were now in possession of the main entrance to Delhi, and the street of the city leading direct from the Lahore gate to the palace and Jama Masjid. We proceeded up this street, at first cautiously, but on finding it absolutely empty, and the houses 15 on either side abandoned, we pushed on until we reached the Delhi Bank. Here there was firing going on and round shot flying about from a couple of guns placed just outside the palace. But this was evidently an expiring effort. The great Mohammedan mosque had just been 20 occupied by a column under the command of Major James Brind; while Ensign McQueen, of the 4th Punjab Infantry, with one of his own men, had pluckily reconnoitered up to the chief gateway of the palace and reported that there were but few men left in the Moghul fort. 25

The honor of storming this last stronghold was appropriately reserved for the 60th Rifles, the regiment which had been the first to engage the enemy on the banks of the Hindun, nearly four months before, and which throughout the siege had so greatly distinguished 30 itself.

Home, of the Engineers, first advanced with some sappers and blew in the outer gate. At this, the last struggle for the capture of Delhi, I wished to be present, so attached myself for the occasion to a party of the 60th Rifles, under the command of Ensign Alfred Heathcote. As soon as the smoke of the explosion cleared away, the 60th, supported by the 4th Punjab Infantry, sprang through the gateway; but we did not get far, for there was a second door beyond, chained and barred, which was with difficulty forced open, when the whole party rushed in. The recesses in the long passage which led to the palace buildings were crowded with wounded men, but there was very little opposition, for only a few fanatics still held out. One of these — a Mohammedan sepoy in the uniform of a grenadier of the 37th Native Infantry — stood quietly about thirty yards up the passage with his musket on his hip. As we approached he slowly raised his weapon and fired, sending the bullet through McQueen's helmet. The brave fellow then advanced at the charge and was, of course, shot down. So ended the twentieth of September, a day I am never likely to forget.

At sunrise on the twenty-first a royal salute proclaimed that we were again masters in Delhi, and that for the second time in the century the great city had been captured by a British force.

---

**Sapped**: undermined; proceeded by mining. **Rāmp**: inclined plane. **Bān'ians (yānā)**: Hindoo merchants; traders. **Sē'poyā**: native troops of India employed in the service of a European power, especially of Great Britain.

## Ulysses

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race  
 That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me. 5  
 I cannot rest from travel : I will drink  
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoyed  
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when  
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10  
 Vexed the dim sea : I am become a name ;  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men  
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
 Myself not least, but honored of them all ; 15  
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
 I am a part of all that I have met ;  
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough  
 Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades 20  
 Forever and forever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !  
 As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25  
 Little remains : but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something more,

- A bringer of new things ; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
 5 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.  
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
 To whom I leave the scepter and the isle —  
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill  
 This labor, by slow prudence to make mild  
 10 A rugged people, and through soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
 Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 15 Meet adoration to my household gods  
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.  
 There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :  
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners —  
 Souls that have toiled and wrought, and thought with me —  
 20 That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old ;  
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;  
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,  
 25 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :  
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
 30 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It, may be that the gulfs will wash us down :  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, 5  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
 Though much is taken, much abides ; and though  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are ;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts, 10  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

---

**Mēte** : measure. **Dōle** : deal out in small portions. **Te lēm'-**  
**ā chūs** : the son of Ulysses. After Ulysses had been from  
 home nearly twenty years, Telemachus set out in search of  
 him. At Sparta he heard a prophecy which induced him to  
 return home, where, in the meantime, his father had arrived.  
**Happy Isles or Isles of the Blest** : fabled islands somewhere in  
 the west, to which the favorites of the gods were conveyed  
 after death, there to dwell in everlasting joy.

---

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are  
 honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are  
 pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things  
 are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there  
 be any praise, think on these things.

— Philippians iv. 8

Tennyson<sup>1</sup>

In Lucem Transitus, October, 1892

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Henry Van Dyke (1852 —): An American clergyman for many years pastor of the "Brick Presbyterian Church" of New York. In 1899 he became professor of English literature at Princeton. He is the author of "The Reality of Religion," "The Poetry of Tennyson," "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," "Little Rivers," "The Toiling of Felix and other Poems," etc.

From the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendors  
of the moon,  
To the singing tides of heaven, and the light more clear  
than noon,  
5 Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in  
tune.

Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true to art;  
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart, —  
Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing, if  
10 thou depart?

Silence here — for love is silent, gazing on the lessening  
sail;  
Silence here — for grief is voiceless when the mighty  
minstrels fail;  
15 Silence here — but, far beyond us, many voices crying,  
Hail!

<sup>1</sup> From "The Poetry of Tennyson," copyright, 1889, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## Michael Angelo and Cellini

BY J. A. SYMONDS

John Addington Symonds (1840-1893): An English author. This characterization of Michael Angelo and Cellini is from Symonds's principal work, "History of the Renaissance in Italy." He also wrote, "Introduction to the Study of Dante," "Life of Shelley," "Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama," several volumes of poems, and other works.

The life of Italian artists at the time of the Renaissance may be illustrated by two biographies. Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Benvenuto Cellini were almost opposite in all they thought and felt, experienced and aimed at. The one impressed his own strong personality on art; the other reflected the light and shadow of the age in the record of his manifold existence. Cellini hovered, like some strong-winged creature, on the surface of human activity, yielding himself to every impulse, seeking every pleasure, and of beauty feeling only the rude animal compulsion. Deep philosophic thoughts, ideas of death and judgment, the stern struggles of the soul, encompassed Michael Angelo; the service of beauty was with him religion. Cellini was the creature of the moment — the glass and mirror of corrupt, enslaved, yet still resplendent, Italy. In Michael Angelo the genius of the Renaissance culminated; but his character was rather that of an austere republican, free and solitary amid the multitudes of slaves and courtiers. Michael Angelo made art the vehicle of lofty and soul-shaking thought. Cellini brought the fervor of an inexhaustibly active nature to the service of sensuality, and taught his

art to be the handmaid of a soulless paganism. In these two men, therefore, we study two aspects of their age. How far both were exceptional need not here be questioned, since their singularity consists not so much in being different from other Italians of the sixteenth century, as in concentrating qualities elsewhere scattered and imperfect.

Michael Angelo was born in 1475 at Caprese, among the mountains of the Casentino, where his father, Lodovico, held the office of *podesta*. His ancestry was honorable; the Buonarroti even claimed descent, but apparently without due reason, from the princely house of Canossa. As he grew, the boy developed an invincible determination toward the arts. Lodovico, from motives of pride and prudence, opposed his wishes, but without success. Michael Angelo made friends with the lad Granacci, who was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, and at last induced his father to sign articles for him to the same painter. In Ghirlandajo's workshop he learned the rudiments of art, helping in the execution of the frescoes at Santa Maria Novella, until such time as the pupil proved his superiority as a draughtsman to his teacher. The rupture between Michael Angelo and Ghirlandajo might be compared with that between Beethoven and Haydn. In both cases a proud, uncompromising, somewhat scornful student sought aid from a master great in his own line, but inferior in fire and originality of genius. In both cases the moment came when pupil and teacher perceived that the eagle could no longer be confined within the hawk's nest, and that henceforth it must sweep the skies alone. After

leaving Ghirlandajo's *bottega* at the age of sixteen, Michael did, in truth, thenceforward through his life pursue his art alone. Granacci procured him an introduction to the Medici, and the two friends together frequented those gardens of San Marco where Lorenzo had placed 5 his collection of antiquities. There the youth discovered his vocation. Having begged a piece of marble and a chisel, he struck out the Faun's mask that still is seen in the Bargello. It is worth noticing that Michael Angelo seems to have done no merely prentice 10 work. Not a fragment of his labor from the earliest to the latest was insignificant, and only such thoughts as he committed to the perishable materials of bronze or paper have been lost. There was nothing tentative in his genius. Into art, as into a rich land, he came 15 and conquered. In like manner the first sonnet composed by Dante is scarcely less precious than the last lines of the "Paradiso."

Lorenzo de' Medici discerned in Michael Angelo a youth of eminent genius, and took the lad into his own house-20 hold. The astonished father found himself suddenly provided with a comfortable post and courted for the sake of the young sculptor. In Lorenzo's palace the real education of Michael Angelo began. He sat at the same table with Ficino, Pico, and Poliziano, listening to dia-25 logues on Plato and drinking in the golden poetry of Greece. Greek literature and philosophy, expounded by the men who had discovered them and who were no less proud of their discovery than Columbus of his passage to the Indies, first molded his mind to those lofty thoughts 30 which it became the task of his life to express in form.

At the same time he heard the preaching of Savonarola. In the Duomo and the cloister of San Marco another portion of his soul was touched, and he acquired that deep religious tone which gives its majesty and terror to the Sistine. Much in the same way was Milton educated by the classics in conjunction with the Scriptures. Both of these austere natures assimilated from pagan art and Jewish prophecy the twofold elements they needed for their own imaginative life. Both Michael Angelo and Milton, in spite of their parade of classic style, were separated from the Greek world by a gulf of Hebrew and of Christian feeling.

It seems that Michael Angelo's flight from Rome in 1506 was due, not only to his disappointment about the tomb, but also to his fear lest Julius should give him uncongenial work to do. Bramante, if we may believe the old story, had whispered that it was ill-omened for a man to build his own sepulcher, and that it would be well to employ the sculptor's genius upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Accordingly, on his return to Rome in 1508, this new task was allotted him. In vain did Michael Angelo remind his master of the months wasted in the quarries of Carrara ; in vain he pointed to his designs for the monument, and pleaded that he was not a painter by profession. Julius had made up his mind that he should paint the Sistine. Was not the cartoon at Florence a sufficient proof that he could do this if he chose, and had he not learned the art of fresco in the *bottega* of his master, Ghirlandajo ? Whatever his original reluctance may have been, it was speedily overcome ; and the cartoons for the ceiling, projected with the unity belonging to

a single great conception, were ready by the summer of 1508.

The difficulty of his new task aroused the artist's energy. If we could accept the legend, whereby contemporaries expressed their admiration for this Titantic labor, 5 we should have to believe the impossible—that Michael Angelo ground his own colors, prepared his own plaster, and completed with his own hand the whole work, after having first conquered the obstacles of scaffolding and vault-painting by machines of his own invention, and that 10 only twenty months were devoted to the execution of a series of paintings almost unequalled in their delicacy, and surpassed by few single masterpieces in extent. What may be called the mythus of the Sistine Chapel has at last been finally disproved, partly by the personal observa- 15 tions of Mr. Heath Wilson, and partly by the publication of Michael Angelo's correspondence.

Though some uncertainty remains as to the exact dates of the commencement and completion of the vault, we now know that Michael Angelo continued painting it at 20 intervals during four successive years; and though we are not accurately informed about his helpers, we no longer can doubt that able craftsmen yielded him assistance. On May 10, 1508, he signed a receipt for five hundred ducats advanced by Julius for the necessary expenses of the 25 undertaking; and on the next day he paid ten ducats to a mason for rough plastering and surface finishing applied to the vault. There is good reason to believe that he began his painting during the autumn of 1508. On November 1, 1509, a certain portion was uncovered to the 30 public; and before the end of the year 1512 the whole was completed.

No one but Michael Angelo could have done what he did in the Sistine Chapel. The conception was entirely his own. The execution, except in subordinate details and in matters pertaining to the mason's craft, was also his. The rapidity with which he labored was astounding. Mr. Heath Wilson infers from the condition of the plaster and the joinings observable in different parts, that the figure of Adam, highly finished as it is, was painted in three days.

10 Nor need we strip the romance from that time-honored tale of the great master's solitude. Lying on his back beneath the dreary vault, communing with Dante, Savonarola, and the Hebrew prophets in the intervals of labor, locking up the chapel doors in order to elude the jealous  
15 curiosity of rivals, eating but little and scarcely sleeping, he accomplished in sixteen months the first part of his gigantic task. From time to time Julius climbed the scaffold and inspected the painter's progress. Dreading lest death should come before the work were finished, he  
20 kept crying, "When will you make an end?" "When I can," answered the painter. "You seem to want," rejoined the petulant old man, "that I should have you thrown down from the scaffold." Then Michael Angelo's brush stopped. The machinery was removed, and the frescoes  
25 were uncovered in their incompleteness to the eyes of Rome. Entering the Capella Sistina, and raising our eyes to sweep the roof, we have above us a long and somewhat narrow oblong space, vaulted with round arches, and covered from end to end, from side to side, with a network of  
30 human forms. The whole is colored like the dusky, tawny, bluish, clouds of thunderstorms. There is no

luxury of decorative art,—no gold, no paint-box of vermillion or emerald green, has been lavished here. Somber and ærial, like shapes condensed from vapor, the phantoms evoked by the sculptor throng that space.

Nine compositions, carrying down the sacred history 5 from the creation of light to the beginning of sin in Noah's household, fill the central compartments of the roof. Beneath these, seated on the spandrels, are alternate prophets and sibyls, twelve in all, attesting to the future deliverance and judgment of the world by Christ. 10 The intermediate spaces between these larger masses, on the roof and in the lunettes of the windows, swarm with figures, some naked and some draped—women and children, boys and young men, grouped in tranquil attitudes, or adapting themselves with freedom to their station on 15 the curves and angles of the architecture.

In these subordinate creations Michael Angelo deigned to drop the terrible style, in order that he might show how sweet and full of charm his art could be. The grace of coloring realized in some of those youthful and ath- 20 letic forms is such as no copy can represent. Every posture of beauty and of strength, simple or strained, that it is possible for men to assume, has been depicted here. Yet the whole is governed by a strict sense of sobriety.

To speak adequately of these form-poems would be 25 quite impossible. Buonarroti seems to have intended to prove by them that the human body has a language, inexhaustible in symbolism—every limb, every feature, and every attitude being a word full of significance to those who comprehend, just as music is a language whereof each 30 note and chord and phrase has correspondence with the



**The Sistine Chapel**

spiritual world. It may be presumptuous after this fashion to interpret the design of him who called into existence the heroic population of the Sistine. Yet Michael Angelo has written lines which in some measure justify the reading. This is how he closes one of his 5 finest sonnets to Vittoria Colonna : —

“Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere  
More clearly than in human forms sublime;  
Which, since they image Him, compel my love.”

Therefore to him a well-shaped hand, or throat, or head, a 10 neck superbly poised on an athletic chest, the sway of the trunk above the hips, the starting of the muscles on the flank, the tendons of the ankle, the outline of the shoulder when the arm is raised, the backward bending of the loins, the contours of a body careless in repose or strained for 15 action, were all words pregnant with profoundest meaning, whereby fit utterance might be given to the thoughts that raise man near to God.

But, it may be asked, what poems of action as well as feeling are to be expressed in this form-language? The 20 answer is simple. Paint or carve the body of a man, and, as you do it nobly, you will give the measure of both highest thought and most impassioned deed. This is the key to Michael Angelo's art. He cared but little for inanimate nature. The landscapes of Italy, so eloquent 25 in their sublimity and beauty, were apparently a blank to him. His world was the world of ideas, taking visible form, incarnating themselves in man. One language the master had to serve him in all need — the language of plastic human form; but it was to him a tongue as rich 30

in its variety of accent and of intonation as Beethoven's harmonies.

In the Sistine Chapel, where plastic art is so supreme, we are bound to ask the further question, What was the  
5 difference between Michael Angelo and a Greek? The Parthenon with its processions of youths and maidens, its gods and heroes, rejoicing in their strength, and robed with raiment that revealed their living form, made up a symphony of meaning as full as this of Michael Angelo,  
10 and far more radiant. The Greek sculptor embraced humanity in his work no less comprehensively than the Italian; and what he had to say was said more plainly in the speech they both could use. But between Pheidias and Michael Angelo lay Christianity, the travail of the  
15 world through twenty centuries. Clear as morning, and calm in the unconsciousness of beauty, are those heroes of the youth of Hellas. All is grace, repose, strength shown but not asserted.

---

**Mi'cha el Ân'ge** (já) lô **Bu ô nár rôt'ý** (1475-1564): an Italian painter, sculptor, and architect, one of the greatest artists of the world. **Bén ve nū'tô Cel** (ché) **ll'nl** (1500-1570): an Italian artist, celebrated especially as a worker in metals. **Cũl'ml-nāt ēd**: reached the highest pitch of glory. **Pô dēs tá'**: mayor or magistrate of an Italian town. **Dô mēn'ý cò G'lr lān dā'jo** (yō) (1450?-1495): a celebrated Italian painter. **Frēs'cōes**: paintings executed on plaster before it is dry. **Lud'wig** (vlg) **vān Bēe'thō ven** (1770-1827): an eminent Prussian musical composer, who was during his youth the pupil of **Joseph Hay'dn** (1732-1809), a celebrated German musical composer. **Bót tē'gā**: studio. **Mēd'ý ci** (chē): a noble family of Florence, whose members were patrons of art and literature. **Lorenzo de' Medici** (1448-1492), called the Magnificent, the patron of Michael Angelo, was himself a poet and scholar. **Fý ci'** (chē) **nō** (1432-

1499): an Italian scholar and philosopher. **Pico della Mi rān'-do lā** (1463-1494): an Italian theologian and philosopher. **Pō ŋ zi** (tsē) ā'nō or **Pō ŋ'cian** (shan) (1454-1494): a celebrated Italian classical scholar and poet, the intimate friend of Michael Angelo. **Gi ro la'mo Sāv ō nā rō'lā** (1452-1498): a famous Italian religious reformer. **Duo'**(dwō) **mō**: cathedral. **Sis'tine**: a chapel in the Vatican at Rome, decorated with fresco paintings by Michael Angelo and Raphael. **The tomb**: of the Pope Julius II., the plan of which had been abandoned. **Brā mǎn'te**: a famous architect of the time. **Cār rā'rā**: famous marble quarries. **Cār tōon'**: a design or study drawn of the full size of the projected fresco or tapestry. **Mýth'ūs**: myth. **Cā pē'lā Sis-tī'nā**: Sistine Chapel. **Beginning of sin**: Genesis ix. **Spān'drēl**: the irregular triangular space between the curve of an arch and the inclosing right angle. **Sib'yls**: women supposed to be endowed with the power of prophecy. **Lū nētte'**: any surface of semicircular or segmental form. **Vit tō'rī ā Cō lōn'nā**: a lady to whom Michael Angelo addressed a series of sonnets.

## The Casting of the Statue of Perseus

BY BENVENUTO CELLINI

Benvenuto Cellini (1500-1570): An Italian artist, celebrated as a sculptor, engraver, and goldworker. He worked in Paris for Francis I. and in Florence for Cosimo de' Medici. His autobiography is an entertaining and curious work. In it he gives this interesting account of the casting in bronze of one of his masterpieces, "Perseus and Medusa."

I strengthened my heart, and with all the forces of my body and my purse, employing what little money still remained to me, I set to work. First, I provided myself with several loads of pine wood from the forests of Ser-ristori. While these were on their way, I clothed my Perseus with the clay which I had prepared many months beforehand, in order that it might be duly seasoned.

After making its clay tunic, for that is the term used in this art, and properly arming it and fencing it with iron girders, I began to draw the wax out by means of a slow fire. This melted and issued through numerous air-  
 5 vents I had made ; for the more there are of these, the better will the mold fill. When I had finished drawing off the wax, I constructed a funnel-shaped furnace all round the model of my Perseus. It was built of bricks, so interlaced the one above the other that numerous aper-  
 10 tures were left for the fire to exhale at. Then I began to lay on wood by degrees, and kept it burning two whole days and nights. At length, when all the wax was gone and the mold was well baked, I set to work at digging the pit in which to sink it. This I performed with scrupu-  
 15 lous regard to all the rules of art. When I had finished that part of my work, I raised the mold by windlasses and stout ropes to a perpendicular position, and suspending it with the greatest care one cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly above the middle of  
 20 the pit, I next lowered it gently down into the very bottom of the furnace, and had it firmly placed with every possible precaution for its safety. When this delicate operation was accomplished, I began to bank it up with the earth I had excavated ; and, ever as the earth grew  
 25 higher, I introduced its proper air-vents, which were little tubes of earthenware, such as folk use for drains and such like purposes. At length I felt sure that it was admirably fixed, and that the filling-in of the pit and the placing of the air-vents had been properly performed.  
 30 I also could see that my workpeople understood my method, which differed very considerably from that of



The Statue of Perseus

all the other masters in the trade. Feeling confident, then, that I could rely upon them, I next turned to my furnace, which I had filled with numerous pigs of copper and other bronze stuff. The pieces were piled according  
 5 to the laws of art, that is to say, so resting one upon the other that the flames could play freely through them in order that the metal might heat and liquefy the sooner. At last I called out heartily to set the furnace going. The logs of pine were heaped in, and what with the  
 10 unctuous resin of the wood and the good draft I had given, my furnace worked so well that I was obliged to rush from side to side to keep it going. The labor was more than I could stand ; yet I forced myself to strain every nerve and muscle. To increase my anxieties, the  
 15 workshop took fire, and we were afraid lest the roof should fall upon our heads ; while, from the garden, such a storm of wind and rain kept blowing in, that it perceptibly cooled the furnace.

Battling thus with all these untoward circumstances for  
 20 several hours, and exerting myself beyond even the measure of my powerful constitution, I could at last bear up no longer, and a sudden fever of the utmost possible intensity attacked me. I felt absolutely obliged to go and fling myself upon my bed. Sorely against my will having to drag  
 25 myself away from the spot, I turned to my assistants, about ten or more in all, what with master founders, hand workers, country fellows, and my own especial journeymen, among whom was Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello, my apprentice through several years. To him in particular I spoke :  
 30 " Look, my dear Bernardino, that you observe the rules which I have taught you ; do your best with all dispatch,

for the metal will soon be fused. You cannot go wrong ; these honest men will get the channels ready ; you will easily be able to drive back the two plugs with this pair of iron crooks ; and I am sure that my mold will fill miraculously. I feel more ill than I ever did in all my 5 life, and verily believe that it will kill me before a few hours are over." Thus, with despair at heart, I left them, and betook myself to bed.

While I was thus terribly afflicted, I beheld the figure of a man enter my chamber, twisted in his body into the 10 form of a capital S. He raised a lamentable, doleful voice, like one who announces their last hour to men condemned to die upon the scaffold, and spoke these words, "O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it." No sooner had I heard the 15 shriek of that wretch, than I gave a howl which might have been heard from the sphere of flame. Jumping from my bed, I seized my clothes and began to dress. The maids, and my lad, and every one who came around to help me, got kicks or blows of the fist, while I kept crying out in lamentation : "Ah ! traitors ! enviers ! This is an act of treason, done by malice prepense ! But I swear by God that I will sift it to the bottom, and before I die will leave such witness to the world of what I can do as shall make a score of mortals marvel." 25

When I had got my clothes on, I strode toward the workshop ; there I beheld the men, whom I had left ere-while in such high spirits, standing stupefied and down-cast. I began at once and spoke : "Up with you ! Attend to me ! Since you have not been able or willing to obey 30 the directions I gave you, obey me now that I am with

you to conduct my work in person. Let no one contradict me, for in cases like this we need the aid of hand and hearing, not of advice." When I had uttered these words, a certain Maestro Alessandro Lastricati broke  
 5 silence and said, "Look you, Benvenuto, you are going to attempt an enterprise which the laws of art do not sanction and which cannot succeed." I turned upon him with such fury and so full of mischief that he and all the rest of them exclaimed with one voice: "On then!  
 10 Give orders! We will obey your least commands, so long as life is left in us." I believe they spoke thus feelingly because they thought I must fall shortly dead upon the ground. I went immediately to inspect the furnace, and found that the metal was all curdled; an accident we ex-  
 15 press by "being caked." I told two of the hands to cross the road, and fetch a load of young oak wood, which had lain dry for above a year. So soon as the first armfuls arrived, I began to fill the grate beneath the furnace. Now, oak wood of that kind heats more powerfully than  
 20 any other sort of trees; and for this reason, where a slow fire is wanted, as in the case of a gun foundry, alder or pine is preferred. Accordingly, when the logs took fire, oh! how the cake began to stir beneath that awful heat, to glow and sparkle in a blaze! At the same time I  
 25 kept stirring up the channels, and sent men upon the roof to stop the conflagration, which had gathered force from the increased combustion in the furnace; also I caused boards, carpets, and other hangings to be set up against the garden, in order to protect us from the  
 30 violence of the rain.

When I had thus provided against these several dis-

asters, I roared out first to one man and then to another :  
 "Bring this thing here! Take that thing there!" At  
 this crisis, when the whole gang saw the cake was on the  
 point of melting, they did my bidding, each fellow work-  
 ing with the strength of three. I then ordered half a 5  
 pig of pewter to be brought, which weighed about sixty  
 pounds, and flung it into the middle of the cake inside  
 the furnace. By this means, and by piling on wood and  
 stirring now with pokers and now with iron rods, the  
 curdling mass rapidly began to liquefy. Then, knowing 10  
 I had brought the dead to life again, against the firm  
 opinion of those ignoramuses, I felt such vigor fill my  
 veins, that all those pains of fever, all those fears of  
 death, were quite forgotten.

All of a sudden an explosion took place, attended by 15  
 a tremendous flash of flame, as though a thunderbolt had  
 formed and been discharged amongst us. Unwonted and  
 appalling terror astonished every one, and me more even  
 than the rest. When the din was over and the dazzling  
 light extinguished, we began to look each other in the 20  
 face. Then I discovered that the cap of the furnace had  
 blown up, and the bronze was bubbling over from its  
 source beneath. So I had the mouths of my mold imme-  
 diately opened, and at the same time drove in the two  
 plugs which kept back the molten metal. But I noticed 25  
 that it did not flow so rapidly as usual, the reason being  
 probably that the fierce heat of the fire we kindled had  
 consumed its base alloy. Accordingly, I sent for all my  
 pewter platters, porringers, and dishes, to the number of  
 some two hundred pieces, and had a portion of them cast, 30  
 one by one, into the channels, the rest into the furnace.

This expedient succeeded, and every one could now perceive that my bronze was in most perfect liquefaction, and my mold was filling; whereupon, they all with heartiness and happy cheer assisted and obeyed my bidding, while I, now here, now there, gave orders, helped with my own hands, and cried aloud: "O God! Thou that by Thy immeasurable power didst rise from the dead, and in Thy glory didst ascend to heaven!" even thus in a moment my mold was filled; and seeing my work finished, I fell upon my knees, and with all my heart gave thanks to God.

After I had let my statue cool for two whole days, I began to uncover it by slow degrees. The first thing I found was that the head of Medusa had come out most admirably, thanks to the air-vents; for, as I had told the duke, it is the nature of fire to ascend. Upon advancing farther, I discovered that the other head—that, namely, of Perseus—had succeeded no less admirably; and this astonished me far more, because it is at a considerably lower level than that of the Medusa. Now the mouths of the mold were placed above the head of Perseus and behind his shoulders; and I found that all the bronze my furnace contained had been exhausted in the head of this figure. It was a miracle to observe that not one fragment remained in the orifice of the channel, and that nothing was wanting to the statue. In my great astonishment I seemed to see in this the hand of God arranging and controlling all.

I went on uncovering the statue with success, and ascertained that everything had come out in perfect order, until I reached the foot of the right leg on which the

statue rests. There the heel itself was formed, and going farther, I found the foot apparently complete. This gave me great joy on the one side, but was half unwelcome to me on the other, merely because I had told the duke that it could not come out. However, when I reached the end, it appeared that the toes and a little piece above them were unfinished, so that about half the foot was wanting. Although I knew that this would add a trifle to my labor, I was very well pleased, because I could now prove to the duke how well I understood my business. It is true that far more of the foot than I expected had been perfectly formed; the reason of this was that, from causes I have recently described, the bronze was hotter than our rules of art prescribed; also that I had been obliged to supplement the alloy with my pewter cups and platters, which no one else, I think, had ever done before.

Having now ascertained how successfully my work had been accomplished, I lost no time in hurrying to Pisa, where I found the duke. He gave me a most gracious reception, as did also the duchess; and although the major-domo had informed them of the whole proceedings, their excellencies deemed my performance far more stupendous and astonishing when they heard the tale from my own mouth. When I arrived at the foot of Perseus, and said it had not come out perfect, just as I had previously warned his excellency, I saw an expression of wonder pass over his face, while he related to the duchess how I had predicted this beforehand. Observing the princes to be so well disposed toward me, I begged leave from the duke to go to Rome. He granted it in most

obliging terms, and bade me return as soon as possible to complete his Perseus.

**Sēr rīs tō'ri.** **Pēr'seūs**: according to Greek mythology, a son of Jupiter and Danæ, who slew Medusa, a monster who turned into stone all who looked upon her. **Pigs**: oblong masses of cast iron, lead, or other metal. **Ūnc'tū ōūs**: fat; oily. **Bēr-nār dī'nó Mān nēl l'nl** of **Mū gēl'lō.** **Māl'ige prē pēnsē'**: malice previously and deliberately entertained. **Māes'trō Āl ēs sām'-drō Lās trī cā't.** **Ās tōn'ied**: astonished.

## L'Allegro

BY JOHN MILTON



John Milton

John Milton (1608–1674): One of the greatest of English poets. His prose works, also, are models of dignified, vigorous English. Milton's literary life divides itself into three periods; during the first of which he wrote his lighter poems, including the masques of "Comus" and "Arcades," and "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," two exquisite companion pictures of mirth and melancholy. During the second period, he was devoted to the defense of Puritanism and wrote "Areopagitica," "Defense of the English People," "Tractate on Education," and other prose pamphlets. During his last

years, Milton, blind and in political disfavor, found relief in poetical meditation, and produced "Samson Agonistes," and the sublime epics, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained."

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy !  
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night raven sings ;  
 There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
 In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth,  
 With two sister Graces more, 15  
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore.  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
 Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles 20  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek  
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as ye go 25  
 On the light fantastic toe ;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.  
 And, if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
 To live with her and live with thee,  
 5 In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull Night  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise :  
 10 Then to come in spite of sorrow  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweetbrier or the vine  
 Or the twisted eglantine,  
 While the cock with lively din  
 15 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack or the barn door  
 Stoutly struts his dames before ;  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 20 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill ;  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 25 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
 While the plowman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 30 And the milkmaid singeth blithè,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 While the landscape round it measures —  
 Russet lawns and fallows gray 5  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The laboring clouds do often rest,  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide. 10  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes 15  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ; 20  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes with secure delight 25  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the checkered shade ; 30  
 And young and old come forth to play

On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat :  
 5     How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;  
 She was pinched and pulled, she said,  
 And he, by friar's lantern led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 10     When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
 That ten day-laborers could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
 15     Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.  
 20     Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 25     Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 30     And pomp and feast and revelry,  
 With mask and antique pageantry ;

Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child, 5  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse —  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce 10  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie 15  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear 20  
 Of Pluto to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice.  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

**Çēr'bē rūs** : a three-headed, serpent-tailed dog which guarded the entrance to Hades. **Stýg'ī an** : pertaining to the river Styx, in the region of shades ; hence, hellish ; infernal. **Çīm mē'ri an** : pertaining to the Cimmerii, a people fabled to live in a land of utter darkness. **Ÿ clēpēd'** : called ; named. **Eū phros'** (*frōs*)-**Ÿ nē** : one of the three Graces, the attendants of Venus. **Bāc'**

**ebūs**: the Roman god of wine and revelry. **Quips**: smart turns or jests; taunts. **Cranks**: twists of speech consisting in changing the form or meaning of a word. **Hē'bē**: the goddess of youth, at one time the cupbearer of the gods. **Ūn rē-prqv'ēd**: blameless. **Sweetbrier, eglantine**: the sweetbrier and the eglantine are the same plant. Milton probably applies the name eglantine to the honeysuckle. **Dight**: dressed; ornamented. **Tells his tale**: tells or counts the number of his flock. **Pied**: variegated with spots of different colors. **Çy'nô sure (shur)**: any thing to which attention is strongly turned; a center of attraction. **Cōr'y don and Thŷr'sis**: names of two shepherds in Roman pastoral poetry. **Mēs'sē**: dishes of food set on a table at one time. **Phyl' (fil) lis**: the name of a country girl in Roman pastoral poetry; hence, any country girl. **Thēs'tŷ lis**: a female slave mentioned in Greek pastoral poetry; hence, a country girl. **Sē cūre'**: free from care; confident. **Rē'bēcs**: musical instruments somewhat like the violin. **Māb**: the queen of the fairies. **Jūn'kēts**: sweetmeats; delicate food. **Friar's lantern**: will o' the wisp. **Lūb'bēr**: awkward; clownish. **Wēeds**: garments; clothing. **Hŷ'men**: the Roman god of marriage. **Jonson's learnēd sock**: if one of Jonson's comedies is being acted. In the classic drama the sock and buskin were the respective footgears of comic and tragic actors. Ben Jonson (1584-1637) was one of the greatest of English dramatic poets. **Lŷd'ian**: one of the three Greek modes or keys, the music in which was soft and pathetic. **Eū rŷd'icē**: the wife of the musician Orpheus. After her death he followed her to Hades, and so charmed Pluto with his music that Pluto consented to let Eurydice return to the upper world, on condition that she would not look back before reaching it. She failed, however, to comply with the condition, and had to return to the land of shades.

## A Nation in its Strength

FROM "AREOPAGITICA," BY JOHN MILTON

Lords and commons of England ; consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors — a nation not slow and dull, but of quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit ; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy ; to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest 5 that human capacity can soar to. Therefore, the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took begin-10 ning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the labored studies of the French.

Behold now this vast city, — a city of refuge, the man-15 sion house of Liberty, — encompassed and surrounded with his protection ; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defense of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studi-20 ous lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation ; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

25

What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge ? What wants

there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five  
 5 weeks, had we but eyes to lift up; the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism,  
 10 we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their  
 15 own hands again.

This is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pert-  
 20 est operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublim-  
 25 est points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to  
 30 become great and honorable in these latter ages.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation

rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks ; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ;<sup>5</sup> while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

---

**Dis'cōurse**: the power of the mind to reason. **So ancient**: reference is here made to the learning of the Druids, the ancient British priests. **Pý thäg'ō ras** (580 ?-500 ? B.C.): a Greek philosopher. **Julius A grīc'ō lá** (37-93): a Roman general who was governor over Britain. **Plātes**: armor. **Cōn vīnge'ment**: conviction; the state of being convinced. **Tō'ward lý**: tractable; docile. **Præg'nant**: fruitful. **Five months**: see John iv. 35; Milton here probably refers to the anticipated success of the parliamentary army over the royal army in the next year's campaign. **Scism**: division, especially a permanent division in the Christian church. **Rēās sūme'**: resume. **Pěrt'ēst**: liveliest. **Pū'is sant**: powerful. **Mew' (mū) ing**: changing or moulting its feathers.

---

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,  
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,  
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,  
 Milton, a name to resound for ages ;  
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,  
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,  
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyrēan  
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset.

— TENNYSON

## John Milton

BY J. R. GREEN

**JOHN RICHARD GREEN** (1837-1883); An English historian and clergyman. He described the condition and development of the people, instead of giving mere accounts of kings and wars according to the plan of former historians. The scheme of his work is indicated by the title of his books; "A Short History of the English People," "A Larger History of the English People," and "The Making of England."

This account of the great Puritan poet is taken from the "History of the English People."

Milton is not only the highest but the completest type of Puritanism. His life is absolutely contemporaneous with his cause. He was born when it began to exercise a direct influence over English politics and English religion; he died when its effort to mold them into its own shape was over, and when it had again sunk into one of many influences to which we owe our English character. His earlier verse, the pamphlets of his riper years, the epics of his age, mark with a singular precision the three great stages in its history.

His youth shows us how much of the gayety, the poetic ease, the intellectual culture of the Renaissance lingered in a Puritan home. Scrivener and precisian as his father was, he was a skilled musician; and the boy inherited his father's skill on lute and organ. One of the finest outbursts in the scheme of education which he put forth at a later time is a passage in which he vindicates the province of music as an agent in moral training. His home, his tutor, his school, were all rigidly Puritan; but there

was nothing narrow or illiberal in his early training. "My father," he says, "destined me while yet a little boy to the study of humane letters, which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight." 5 But to the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew he learned at school, the scrivener advised him to add Italian and French. Nor were English letters neglected. Spenser gave the earliest turn to the boy's poetic genius. In spite of the war between playright and precisian, a Puritan youth could still in Milton's days avow his love of the stage,

"If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild." 15

and gather from the "masques and antique pageantry" of the court revel hints for his own "Comus" and "Arcades." Nor does any shadow of the coming struggle with the church disturb the young scholar's reverie, as he wanders beneath 20

"The high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars, massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light,"

or as he hears 25

"The pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthem clear."

Milton's enjoyment of the gayety of life stands in bright contrast with the gloom and sternness which strife 30

and persecution fostered in Puritanism at a later time. In spite of "a certain reservedness of natural disposition," which shrank from "festivities and jests in which I acknowledge my faculty to be very slight," the young singer could still enjoy the "jest and youthful jollity" of the world around him, its "quips and cranks and wanton wiles"; he could join the crew of Mirth, and look pleasantly on the village fair,

10                   "Where the jolly rebecks sound  
                  To many a youth and many a maid,  
                  Dancing in the checkered shade."

There was nothing ascetic in his look, in his slender, vigorous frame, his face full of a delicate yet serious beauty, the rich brown hair which clustered over his brow; and the words we have quoted show his sensitive enjoyment of all that was beautiful. But his pleasures were "unreprovèd." From coarse or sensual self-indulgence the young Puritan turned with disgust; "A certain reservedness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, kept me still above those low descents of mind." He drank in an ideal chivalry from Spenser, though his religion and purity disdained the outer pledge on which chivalry built up its fabric of honor. "Every free and gentle spirit," said Milton, "without that oath, ought to be born a knight." It was with this temper that he passed from his London school, St. Paul's, to Christ's College at Cambridge, and it was this temper that he preserved throughout his University career. He left Cambridge, as he said afterward, "free from all reproach, and approved by all honest men," with a pur-

pose of self-dedication "to that same lot, however mean or high, toward which time leads me, and the will of heaven."

During the Civil War Milton was engaged in strife with Presbyterians and with Royalists, pleading for civil and religious freedom, for freedom of social life, and freedom of the press. At a later time he became Latin Secretary to the Protector, in spite of a blindness which had been brought on by the intensity of his study.

The Restoration found him of all living men the most hateful to the Royalists; for it was his "Defense of the English People," which had justified throughout Europe the execution of the king. Parliament ordered his book to be burned by the common hangman; he was for a time imprisoned; and even when released, he had to live amidst threats of assassination from fanatical cavaliers. To the ruin of his cause were added personal misfortunes in the bankruptcy of the scrivener who held the bulk of his property, and in the fire of London which deprived him of much of what was left. As age drew on he found himself reduced to comparative poverty, and driven to sell his library for subsistence. Even among the sectaries who shared his political opinions Milton stood in religious opinion alone, for he had gradually severed himself from every accepted form of faith, and embraced Arianism, and had ceased to attend at any place of worship. Nor was his home a happy one. The grace and geniality of his youth disappeared in the drudgery of a schoolmaster's life and amongst the invectives of controversy. In age his temper became stern and exacting. His daughters, who were forced to read to their blind father in languages

which they could not understand, revolted against their bondage.

But solitude and misfortune only brought into bolder relief Milton's inner greatness. There was a grand simplicity in the life of his later years. He listened every morning to a chapter of the Hebrew Bible, and after musing in silence for a while pursued his studies till mid-day. Then he took exercise for an hour, played for another hour on the organ or viol, and renewed his studies. 10 The evening was spent in converse with visitors and friends. For lonely and unpopular as Milton was, there was one thing about him which made his house in Bunhill Fields a place of pilgrimage to the wits of the Restoration. He was the last of the Elizabethans. He had 15 possibly seen Shakspeare, as on his visits to London after his retirement to Stratford the playwright passed along Bread Street to his wit combats at the Mermaid. He had been the contemporary of Webster and Massinger, of Herrick and Crashaw. His "Comus" and "Arcades" 20 had rivaled the masques of Ben Jonson. It was with a reverence drawn from thoughts like these that men looked on the blind poet as he sate, clad in black, in his chamber hung with rusty green tapestry, his fair brown hair falling as of old over a calm, serene face that still retained 25 much of its youthful beauty, his cheeks delicately colored, his clear gray eyes showing no trace of their blindness.

But famous, whether for good or ill, as his prose writings had made him, during fifteen years only a few sonnets had broken his silence as a singer. It was now, in 30 his blindness and old age, with the cause he loved trodden

under foot by men as vile as the rabble in "Comus," that the genius of Milton took refuge in the great poem on which, through years of silence, his imagination had been brooding.

On his return from his travels in Italy, Milton spoke <sup>5</sup> of himself as musing on "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters: but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." His lips were touched at last. In the quiet retreat of his home in <sup>15</sup> Bunhill Fields he mused during these years of persecution and loneliness on the "Paradise Lost." The poem was produced in 1667, seven years after the Restoration, and four years later appeared the "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," in the severe grandeur of whose <sup>20</sup> verse we see the poet himself "fallen," like Samson, "on evil days and evil tongues, with darkness and with danger compassed round." But great as the two last works were, their greatness was eclipsed by that of their predecessor. The whole genius of Milton expressed itself in the "Para- <sup>25</sup> dise Lost." The romance, the gorgeous fancy, the daring imagination, which he shared with the Elizabethan poets, the large but ordered beauty which he had drunk in from the literature of Greece and Rome, the sublimity of conception, the loftiness of phrase which he owed to <sup>30</sup> the Bible, blended in this story

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe.”

It is only when we review the strangely mingled elements which make up the poem that we realize the genius which fused them into such a perfect whole. The meager outline of the Hebrew legend is lost in the splendor and music of Milton’s verse. The stern idealism of Geneva is clothed in the gorgeous robes of the Renaissance. If we miss something of the free play of Spenser’s fancy, and yet more of the imaginative delight in their own creations which gives so exquisite a life to the poetry of the early dramatists, we find in place of these the noblest example which our literature affords of the majesty of classic form.

---

**Scrive'nār**: a person whose business it is to draw contracts. **Prē cis' (sīsh) Ian**: Puritan. The Puritans of England were so called from their prim and precise manner. **Humane letters**: polite or elegant learning; the term was applied to the language, history, and literature of Greece and Rome. **Protector**: Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the English commonwealth. **King**: Charles I., king of England, who was deposed and beheaded in 1649 by authority of the Puritan or Roundhead party. **Fire of London**: the “great fire” of London in 1666 raged four days and destroyed thirteen thousand houses. **A'ri-an ism**: the doctrines of the Arians, or followers of Arius, who taught that Christ was inferior to God the Father, though the first and noblest of all created beings. **John Wēb'stēr**: an English dramatist who flourished in the seventeenth century. **Philip Māss'in gēr** (1583–1640): an English dramatist. **Robert Hēr'rick** (1591–1674): an English poet. **Richard Crāsh'aw** (1613?–1649): an English poet. **Gē nē'vā**: the stronghold of the reformed religion, the home of John Calvin, the great Protestant reformer.

## Kubla Khan

BY S. T. COLERIDGE

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834): An English poet and critic, who possessed rare genius, but lacked “the reason firm, the tempered will.” He wrote “The Ancient Mariner,” “Genevieve,” “Kubla Khan,” and a few other poems of exquisite beauty and imaginative power. “Christabel,” like most of his projected work, is a fragment. His conversation, or rather monologue, was fluent and eloquent. Several volumes of his “Literary Remains” and “Table Talk” were published after his death.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree :

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea. 5

So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round :

And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;

And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10

Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !

A savage place ! as holy and enchanted

As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15

By woman wailing for her demon-lover !

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 5 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :

10 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure

Floated mid way on the waves,  
 Where was heard the mingled measure

15 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw :

20 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me

Her symphony and song,

25 To such a deep delight 'twould win me

That with music loud and long,

I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !

And all who heard should see them there,

30 And all should cry, " Beware ! Beware !

His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

5

---

**Kub'la Khān** (—— 1294): an able ruler who made himself master of a vast empire, including China and almost the whole of Asia. **Sin'ū oūs**: winding; bending in and out. **Mé ān'-dēr īng**: winding; turning. **Dūl'cī mēr**: a musical instrument having wire strings which are beaten with two light hammers.

## Phonic Chart

## Vowels

ă as in hăte	ě as in mět	ũ as in tũbe
â as in senâte	ē as in hēr	û as in pictũre
ä as in hăt	ī as in pine	ü as in tũb
ā as in fār	ī as in īdea	ų as in pull
ą as in ăll	ĩ as in pĭn	û as in fûr
ą as in ăsk	ī as in sĭr	ų as in rude
â as in cāre	ō as in nōte	oi, oy as in oil, toy
ē as in mē	ō as in viōlet	ou, ow as in out, now
ê as in bēlieve	ō as in nōt	ōō as in mōōn
		ōō as in fōōt

## Equivalents

ą=ō as in what	ī=ē as in bĭrd	ô=ą as in hōrse
ę=â as in they	ŏ=ōō as in dŏ	ô=ũ as in sŏn
ô=â as in thêre	ŏ=ōō or ų as in	ȳ=ĩ as in flȳ
ĩ=ē as in police	wŏman	ȳ=ĩ as in hȳmn

## Consonants

c as in call	g as in get	th as in this
ç as in çent	ğ as in ğem	ŋ (=ng) as in ĩnk
ch as in chase	s as in same	x (=ks) as in vex
eh as in ehorus	ş as in haş	ȣ (=gs) as in ȣist
çh as in çhaise	th as in thin	

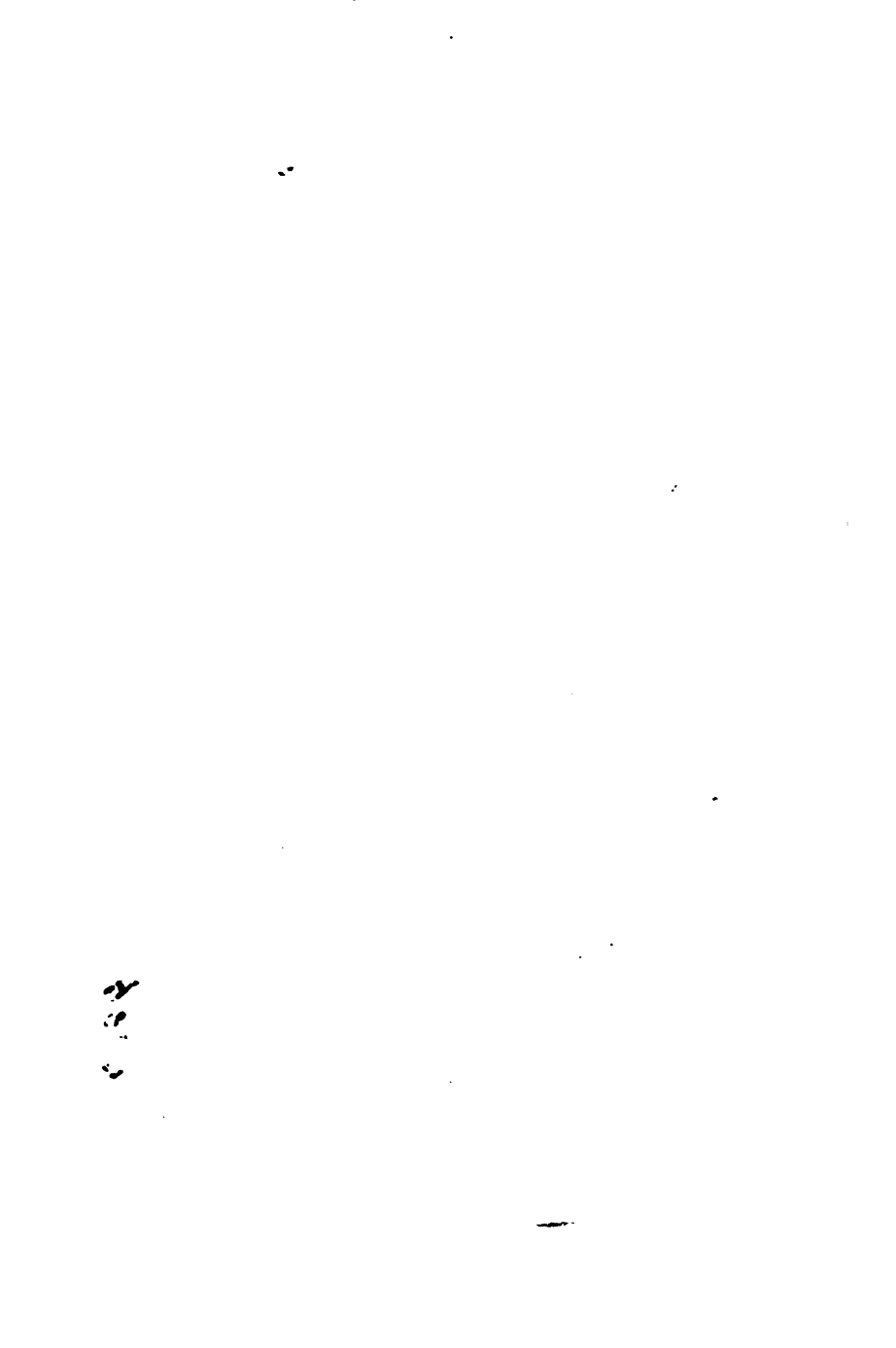
1

7  
JW

80  
1

nn

pk  
ex  
st



Acme Library Card Pocket  
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File"  
Made by Library Bureau  
530 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON

Keep Your Card in this Pocket

